

CHILDREN'S BOOKS ISSUE

America



That American Way

by Walter J. Ong

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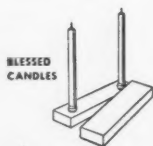


For the zeal of thy house
hath eaten me up . . .

Ps. 68. 10; John 2:17



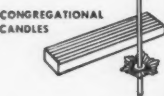
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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

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Nov. 22, 1958

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Correspondence

A Great Loss

EDITOR: The death of Fr. Wilfrid Parsons is a great loss to AMERICA and to all his readers and friends. It was truly amazing the way he continued to write his weekly "Washington Front" and to maintain such a high standard of comment on public affairs through several years of seriously deteriorating bodily health. On at least one occasion I recall he did not even allow major surgery to interrupt his weekly column.

Apart from his editorship of AMERICA, his books and teaching and lectures, about which others have better information, I know that his weekly column commanded deep respect. One of the best informed and most learned members of the U. S. Senate, for example, held in very high regard the originality of his analyses of public affairs, combined, as it was, with great learning and resourcefulness in acquiring up-to-the-minute information from both public and private sources.

May our divine Lord, whom he so valorously served for so many years with his great talents and extraordinary energy, grant eternal rest to the soul of this devoted priest.

ROBERT C. HARTNETT, S.J.
Detroit, Mich.

[FR. HARTNETT, a well-known political scientist, was Editor-in-Chief of AMERICA, 1948-1955. Ed.]

EDITOR: With deep sorrow I have just learned of the death of Fr. Parsons, former editor of AMERICA and contributor of the "Washington Front" for many years. May I extend to the staff of AMERICA my sincerest condolences. You have lost a stout defender of Catholic principles—and a zealous son of St. Ignatius.

JOSE LOPEZ LOPEZ

Havana, Cuba

EDITOR: Fr. Parson's death leaves us with a sense of loss. There will be someone else to write his column; and we will no doubt

come to like the new columnist. It will be hard, however, to equal Fr. Parsons' trenchant style, his keen thinking and his competent presentation of news from Washington.

(Miss) D. C. LEAVY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Works of Art

EDITOR: Your Mr. Hapgood should take a bow for his subtle line drawings. For a long time I did not know who he was, as his vignettes and larger sketches were unsigned or uninitialed, and most of them still are. One look at his Big Ben on your cover for October 4, however, convinces me that he knows his London. His treatment of deep black shadow as a foil for white surfaces is imaginative. His work is so appropriately modest that it never overweights the printed page, yet is life-enhancing. His use of perspective is admirable, as in the facade of the Supreme Court Building in your issue of Sept. 27. I have heard it said on good authority that Mr. Hapgood's work for AMERICA led several other prominent hitherto unillustrated journals of opinion to go in for line drawings. Congratulations to him and to you.

JAMES W. LANE

St. James, N. Y.

America

November 22, 1958

Dear Reader:

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J. Crowds of Father Parsons' old friends were at Georgetown October 31 to attend his funeral, at which Most. Rev. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, presided. Father Parsons was laid to rest in Georgetown's historic old cemetery, a few feet from the grave of another former Editor, Father Francis X. Talbot. May he rest in peace.

OUR ARTIST. We regret that it is only rarely that we have the opportunity to acknowledge publicly someone whose name we print simply as "Hapgood." The "Hapgood" we mention from time to time is John Hapgood, a New York artist and illustrator, whose gifted pen and scratchboard have been at our service now for almost three years. Those who have paid particular attention to his work in AMERICA will be delighted by a letter that we publish this week, in the Correspondence above.

CIRCULATION, thanks to the work of Fr. Patrick Collins, our Circulation Manager, and his able assistant, Mrs. Catherine Ball, has been mounting week by week. In fact, if this growth continues, we are going to have to find ourselves a larger office. The process of getting subscription orders transformed into copies of AMERICA delivered to your door is called "fulfilment." The head of our fulfilment department is Miss Lillian McGuire, who

presides patiently and cheerfully over the many details of this busy section of our business office. Incidentally, it is Miss McGuire and Miss Lucy Quigley who keep the flowers fresh before the shrine of Our Lady of the Ramp. This shrine is on the south wall of our office at 70 E. 45th Street. If you live in or visit New York, you can spot it, lighted by night, as you drive by along the ramp that runs around the Grand Central Terminal Building. Meyer Berger, in his column *About New York* in the New York Times, recently gave quite an account of this unusual shrine. Miss McGuire has been a faithful staff member of AMERICA for over thirty years.

ADVERTISING. Last week our Education Directory Issue ran to the unexpected total of 56 pages. An issue of these dimensions puts a heavy strain on all of us, but particularly on those whose work is directly connected with our advertisers. Advertising in AMERICA, which declined only slightly during the recession, is now—thanks to Mr. Thomas F. Murphy of Catholic Magazine Representatives—obviously on the rise again. A talented young lady, Dorothy Bazzicalupo, gets the credit for translating these ads from the drafting board onto our pages. We are mightily indebted to her. Mr. Murphy and Miss Bazzicalupo have their work cut out for them as we prepare for the big issue that will commemorate our 50th anniversary in April, 1959. If the advertisements can justify it, it will run to as many as 160 pages.

Cordially yours

Phurston W. Davis, Jr.
EDITOR

Current Comment

UN Weighs Hungary

At the start of its current New York session, the UN General Assembly voted overwhelmingly to put the Hungarian issue on the agenda. In the intervening weeks, however, it has not shown any hurry to schedule formal debate. No effort was made, for instance, to reach a decision in advance of the Soviet-style "elections" scheduled in Hungary for Nov. 16.

This delay underscores the fact that opinions are still divided as to the kind of UN resolution that would be truly effective and at the same time command an impressively large majority. One proposal aired in UN circles is that the organization might encourage a sort of revisionist regime comparable to the Gomulka precedent in Poland. But veterans of the October fighting pour scorn on that idea. The former Mayor of Budapest, Joseph Kovago, for instance, has argued that the 1956 revolution smashed every basis for a Titoist or Gomulka-type solution.

"A compromise solution envisaging support for nonexistent revisionist movements," said the Mayor in New York recently, "would not only embitter the Hungarian people but weaken the resistance of the other enslaved nations as well." It is more likely that the operative part of the anticipated UN resolution will provide for the appointment of an influential statesman charged with a mission of inquiry in Hungary. The ace in the UN's sleeve is possible rejection of the credentials of the Hungarian UN delegation. These credentials are, to date, recognized only provisionally.

Nobel Prize Winner

On Nov. 10 the Nobel Committee in Oslo awarded its Peace Prize to Dominican Father Dominique Georges Henri Pire. In the committee's judgment his work since 1949 on behalf of Europe's displaced persons qualifies the Belgian priest as one who "shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations." The award is doubly welcome to Fr.

Pire since an attached purse of over \$41,000 will greatly aid his expanded work among the refugees.

The close of World War II found eight million Eastern Europeans homeless and without a country. By 1949 the demoralizing conditions of life in refugee camps threatened to destroy their very humanity. It was then that Fr. Pire extended his postwar work among refugee children to include the rehabilitation of entire families. Within the past two years his organization, known as Aid to Displaced Persons, constructed five villages for these almost forgotten victims of the war.

Here in the United States the Nobel Peace Prize is associated with the names of prominent winners such as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Cordell Hull and George C. Marshall. Thus the choice of an unknown Belgian priest for this distinction now comes as a surprise. In fact, Fr. Pire's own countrymen seem to have been caught unaware by the selection. Not even the Belgian embassy in Washington could answer hurried requests from the press for information on the 1958 winner.

Those who know the anonymity in which this humble Dominican prefers to work feel that he will be amused by that fact. He himself asks no questions of benefactors or of those he aids. His chosen role is that of the Samaritan; his neighbor is anyone in need.

For a Healthy World

This fall the Administration definitely aims to redeem a pledge it has made. Both in the State-of-the-Union message of last January and in his Aug. 13 speech before the UN General Assembly, President Eisenhower committed the United States to a campaign against "the common enemy of all mortals—such as cancer and heart disease." Plans now call for inclusion in the upcoming foreign-aid budget of a program to fight the evils of disease in the Middle East, Africa and South Asia.

Our first efforts will be modest. Requests for appropriations in the coming year may measure less than \$70 mil-

lion. But the program anticipates growing support from other countries and from the World Health Organization.

Some recent figures from India hint at the size of the task ahead. Tuberculosis kills one Indian every minute. One in every 150 persons in the land suffers from the disease; annual losses because of it total \$500 million and about 900 million man-days of work. All these statistics, of course, have full meaning only in terms of individual suffering and the poverty of an underdeveloped nation.

We hope that the new plans for health aid will allow for the proposal made last August by Sen. Lister Hill. The chairman of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee presented a bill to set up a national institute of international medical research. Any global battle against disease will demand such a coordinating center. And what the world needs is such an all-out, global effort. Disease respects no frontiers. The work of charity must surely respect them even less.

One Fold, One Shepherd

Many a non-Catholic flinches when he hears the unvarnished statement that the avowed purpose and goal of the Catholic Church is to make all mankind "subject to the Pope." We can understand, accordingly, the recent reactions of such a clergyman as Rev. Dr. James W. Bell, counselor to Protestant students at New York's Columbia University. Commenting on the homily delivered by Pope John at his coronation, Dr. Bell charged that the Pontiff was claiming an "exclusive franchise" when he declared that it is the mind of Christ that there should be but one fold and one shepherd, and that that one visible shepherd is the Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ on earth.

But what we cannot understand is Dr. Bell's distaste for and obvious alarm at the thought of true ecumenical unity. He observes approvingly that there has been and is "religious pluralism" in the world. Precisely—but this is the "scandal of Christianity" that sincere and devoted Christians everywhere are laboring to remove.

Individual Catholics, it must regretfully be admitted, frequently throw fuel on this fire of mistrust. How often do we speak of the number of converts we

have "won"—for all the world as though we were keeping a box score? The whole point of conversions, and of all missionary activity, is not merely that the Church's numbers should grow, but that mankind be more and more fully incorporated into Christ—which can happen only in the one fold of Christ. Would Dr. Bell reward Him an "exclusive franchise"?

Farmers to the Polls

Alaskans will not be the only ones voting on Nov. 25. While the citizens of our newest State are electing two U. S. Senators and one Representative, corn-growing farmers will be deciding the conditions under which the nation's most important crop will be raised during 1959.

This is the choice the Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, has offered them. They can proceed under the program in effect this year, with a guaranteed price between 75 and 90 per cent of parity and acreage severely restricted. Or they can plant as much corn as they desire and gamble on a minimum support price of 65 per cent of parity or 90 per cent of the average market price over the past three years, whichever is higher. If the farmers elect the present program, this year's allotment of 38 million acres will be cut about 15 per cent and the support price will be around \$1.36 a bushel. If they vote to escape from acreage restrictions, the price floor will be approximately \$1.15 a bushel.

People who know about these matters say that the referendum is in the bag. Since this year most farmers disregarded planting restrictions anyway—even though the support price for non-compliance corn was only \$1.06 a bushel—they are expected to take the \$1.15 and plant to their heart's content. Besides, Secretary Benson loaded the dice for this result when he warned that if the old program wins, farmers who don't comply with their allotments next year won't receive a penny of support for their corn.

Advance Guard of Barbarism

Infanticide has been a mark of impoverished primitive societies and of pagan communities which denied the inviolable sanctity of human life. But

in Christian lands, until recently, the only legalized survival of this crime against nature masqueraded under the euphemism of "therapeutic abortion." Even this moral monstrosity of law and medicine has been going out of style in the best obstetrical circles, where it is condemned as the last refuge of ignorant, lazy or malicious practitioners.

Now, paradoxically, some of the *avant-garde* of psychiatry and sociology advocate a regression to barbarism. At a meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, held in New York on Nov. 8, a panel discussed the subject, "Should Indications for Therapeutic Abortion be Liberalized?" Some panelists favored a policy, already legal in parts of Europe, that would permit abortion for merely economic and psychological reasons.

The malodorous "woods-pussy" remains a skunk even when de-scented. Legal abortion is still murder, even when its moral stench is masked under the name "termination of unwanted pregnancy."

Deliberate abortion, like its twin, euthanasia, is the ugly offspring of the moral positivism that grounds all distinctions of right and wrong in the law-making power of the state. Both crimes, if allowed to breed unchecked, will ultimately devour the Judeo-Christian tradition of morality which is our basic protection against totalitarianism. Let us hope that all conscientious medical men will resist this new assault upon the Hippocratic Oath.

Mr. Warren on States' Rights

To the 38 eminent State chief justices who last summer peevishly accused the U. S. Supreme Court of exceeding its powers (AM, 10/18, p. 60) we commend some recent remarks of U. S. Chief Justice Earl Warren.

Adverting to charges that the Federal Government has been encroaching on State preserves, Mr. Warren willingly conceded that at times Washington has become "too deeply involved in matters that were the proper prerogatives of the States." But, he went on, before an audience attending the dedication of the University of California's new Cardiovascular Research Institute on Oct. 30, the fault for this lies more often than not with the States themselves. In a memorable passage, com-

posed probably with the State chief justices in mind, Mr. Warren stated truly, if bluntly:

When the State governments fail to satisfy the needs of the people, the people appeal to the Federal Government. Whether the question is one of the advancement of human knowledge through research, of law and order, or of the right of all persons to equal protection of the law, the Federal Government need become involved only when the States fail to act.

Obviously, that is so. To appreciate the justice of Mr. Warren's remarks, one has only to reflect on the sluggishness (to use a charitable term) with which many of the States are today approaching their duty toward jobless benefits and civil rights. For the expansion of the Federal Government there are other reasons than the one given by Mr. Warren. Nevertheless, it is true that the States would still be exercising more of their rights if so many of them had not ignored the duties of 20th-century life.

We Shake Hands

Can the discouraged and impoverished American Indian communities of the Great Plains region preserve their rightful property and escape extinction? Can they win out in the face of pressure placed upon them by organized agricultural interests who are only too eager to get their land? Are they in a position to help themselves and to work for suitable legislation to protect their rights?

Leading anthropologists have answered these questions in the negative. Some Indian communities, such as the Omahas and Winnebagos of Nebraska, have long been demoralized in anger and frustration. Despite the fine efforts of individual Government personnel, the U. S. Department of the Interior, working as a whole, has not offered overmuch encouragement.

Yet today these same Indian communities begin to sound a new note. A key factor in this turn of affairs is the "Great Plains program" of the organized movement entitled We Shake Hands. In its first annual report (48 East 86th St., New York 18, N. Y. \$1) We Shake Hands is described as "an action to encourage neighborly relations between Indians and their fellow citizens in the Great Plains." It aims to

give all—Indians and whites alike—a sense of being fellow citizens, while offering to Indian communities access to those persons and agencies who can aid their rehabilitation.

In the words of Mrs. Pauline Tyndall, secretary of the Omaha Tribal Council:

Time and a little help are all the Indian communities are asking. Here at Winnebago and Macy (Neb.) and in the Dakotas, there is a great stirring of the Indian people, . . . a heartwarming new tendency for white neighbors of the Indians in these Indian States . . . to hold out a helping hand to the Indian people as they seek to put their communities on an equal footing with the communities around them.

We Shake Hands is being run on sound principles and the work deserves our cooperation.

Rights for an Alien?

The judges who today are pioneering the craggy terrain of civil rights, in addition to Solomon's wisdom and Blackstone's legal lore, need the balance of an alpinist. They frequently must ask themselves to what extent personal rights can be upheld without jeopardizing institutional authority.

Two judges of the U. S. Court of Appeals, Harold R. Medina and Sterry R. Waterman, ruled Nov. 7 that a Hungarian refugee with a notorious Communist background could not, simply because he had no visa, be deported without a hearing. The third member of the court, Judge Leonard F. Moore, strongly dissented.

The Government did not ask for deportation on the basis of the alien's undesirable background (which he denied). The argument was that the U. S. Attorney General has always had custody of aliens, that the 30,000 refugees of the 1956 Hungarian uprising who live here as parolees are aliens, and that these too may be deported without judicial process—by merely revoking their parole.

The Court, however, declared that the Hungarian refugees fall into a unique category established by the President, and made formal by the Congress. America welcomed the Hungarians without visas, and to deport them now for lack of visas would be a violation of good faith.

The Court knew this decision was establishing a precedent. It stated:

If this means an extension of the doctrine that aliens as well as citizens are entitled to the protection of procedural due process in deportation proceedings . . . we do not hesitate to take that forward step.

This momentous decision will guarantee American justice even for those who do not deserve it.

Hate by Mail

Shortly before Jewish temples were bombed in Atlanta (on Oct. 12) and Peoria (on Oct. 14), Post Office officials were aware that hate literature—vicious diatribes against Negroes and Jews—had grown in volume in mailbags delivered to these cities. The same kind of poison by mail has been on the increase in Little Rock, in Arlington, Va., and in other places where racial tensions have flared into violence.

Post Office and Justice Department officials are so concerned with this flood of hate literature that a meeting was held in Washington on Oct. 23 to explore the possibility of drafting laws to curb the menace. These Federal agencies obviously do not believe it a mere coincidence that a proliferation of hate literature has been the forerunner of interracial violence.

It will be difficult to frame viable restrictive legislation. For one thing, most of this vicious stuff is mailed first-class; Post Office officials have no authority to search such mail without an injunction. Further, laws aiming at prosecution under "group libel" charges will almost certainly run foul of current interpretations of the "freedom of speech" provisions of the Constitution.

The lawyers have a difficult task cut out for them. The average citizen has an easier duty: to notify his local post office on receipt of such literature. That action will at least keep officials informed on the extent of such bigotry by mail.

. . . and Infected Minds

One conclusion seems obvious from this coincidence of the growth of hate literature and outbreaks of racial violence. The anti-all-censorship forces have long been appealing to the weary

dictum that "a book never seduced a girl." The thoughts a book may stimulate, we are asked to believe, have no relation to deliberate future choices and action. But is it possible to harbor hatred for Negroes and Jews and not reduce those thoughts to action when occasion arises? Human nature is not so encapsulated into water-tight compartments.

If thought and action so frequently go hand in hand in racial problems, why do they not also in matters of obscenity and pornography? If a man doesn't act as he thinks, all education to train him to think straight is a waste of time.

Hoffa in the Clear?

By this time most men would have decided that the job wasn't worth the grief, but not James R. Hoffa. Convinced that he can now win an honest election, the unsavory head of the Teamsters has scheduled a convention for next March 16, at which time he confidently expects to be re-elected president of the union and thus to rid himself of the court-appointed board of monitors. He may get away with it, too. Certainly, there is nobody in the Teamsters who can stop him. Neither can the McClellan committee, which is again featuring the Teamsters in its current series of hearings.

The only man in a position to check Hoffa is U. S. District Judge F. Dickinson Letts, who still has jurisdiction over the rank-and-file suit, brought last year, to enjoin Hoffa from assuming the Teamsters' presidency. Last week Judge Letts was pondering several motions filed by two of the monitors, Martin F. O'Donoghue and Godfrey Schmidt, and one filed by the Teamsters. The monitors want him to order the union to carry out their reform recommendations and to change its loaded rules governing eligibility for office. They also want authority to postpone the projected March convention. In a countermove the Teamsters are asking the court to oust Godfrey Schmidt on conflict-of-interest grounds.

We wouldn't presume, of course, to advise Judge Letts on his decision. We wish only to note for our readers the significance of that decision for the future of clean unionism in the United States.

California's Proposition 16

AN ISSUE with national implications for religion-sponsored education was decided by California voters last Election Day. By about two to one, the electorate defeated an attempt to re-impose taxation on religion-sponsored non-profit schools. Rising above all partisan considerations, Californians registered a resounding NO VOTE on State Proposition 16, and once again squelched the articulate and bigoted group that has persistently harassed these schools.

The vote had this immediate effect: it reaffirmed and safeguarded the tax exemption of 643 Catholic, 390 Protestant and 43 Jewish and nonsectarian schools. These schools educate 340,000 children. State Controller Robert C. Kirkwood has stated that the average annual cost of educating one child in public schools is \$346. On this basis, the privately supported religion-sponsored schools are saving taxpayers \$118,000,000 annually. If the schools were taxed, the annual income to the State would be little less than \$2 million. In effect, taxpayers are afforded a \$650,000 daily saving for each of the year's 180 school days. To add further weight to the private schools' contribution is the depressing reality that California still has 166,000 children on half-day sessions. In the face of the public benefit which these schools confer, taxation of their properties would be unfair and punitive.

This is the second time in six years that the voters have had to defend justice in education in California. Until 1951 California had been the only State in the Union taxing nonprofit elementary and high schools. In that year the legislature by a vote of 108 to 3 granted exemption to the schools. The Governor at that time, Earl Warren, signed the legislature's bill into law.

Opponents of tax justice to these schools then formed a group called the California Taxpayers Alliance, circulated a petition and succeeded in placing a referendum measure on the November, 1952 ballot to repeal the exemption. The voters in 1952 upheld the exemption. Not content, the opponents of exemption attacked the law's constitutionality in Alameda County Superior Court and won a decision. This was reversed by California's State Supreme Court. It held that exemption was constitutional.

The State Supreme Court rejected the charge that exemption violated Church and State separation and that it constituted discriminatory class legislation favoring only one sect. The court ruled: "The principle of separation of Church and State is not impaired by granting tax exemp-

tions to religious groups generally and it seems clear that the first amendment was not intended to prohibit such exemptions. Under any circumstances, any benefit received by religious denominations is merely incidental to the achievement of a public purpose."

The California Taxpayers Alliance then appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, which refused to hear the case for want of substantial Federal question. Once again the opponents of the schools resorted to the petition and initiative. It is an established fact of California political life that petitions can be successfully circulated here at so much per signature for almost any issue.

The opposition now came back as Californians for Public Schools. To counteract this campaign organization, which has no record or history of any support of public schools, fair-minded Californians formed a committee called Citizens United Against Taxing Schools. Another active and dedicated group was called Protestants United Against Taxing Schools. It enrolled a great majority of the State's clergymen. Labor, both AFL and CIO, both political parties, the Los Angeles Board of Education and other educational and teachers' organizations rushed to the defense of justice in education and joined the chorus of NO on Proposition 16. They gave facts and figures to justify their stand.

Against this factual exposition came a barrage of bald bigotry and fiscal misrepresentation. This culminated with a series of radio ads that drew protests of Catholic and Protestant leaders to the Federal Communications Commission on grounds that the ads were an appeal to outright religious hatred. Ads held that headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church in Rome had instructed California voters to vote NO on 16. Vice President Nixon, a Californian, called this "bigotry at its worst" and said he was voting NO on 16. President Eisenhower also protested "completely unauthorized" use of his name in the radio ads. Locally, the State head of the PTA protested that the YES-on-16 group was falsely broadcasting that the PTA urged a YES vote. The PTA had reiterated its general historic position against tax exemption of any kind, but had not specifically declared itself on Proposition 16.

In a day when some sociologists are lamenting rising tensions and intolerance, California's citizens have provided an example of how they have withstood an attack on the very fabric of civic unity and brotherliness. Protestants United Against Taxing Schools in their yeoman work to defend all religious schools showed that, to Americans, what counts is not who's right, but what's right.

AL ANTCAK

MR. ANTCAK is news editor of The Tidings, archdiocesan weekly of Los Angeles.

Washington Front

More Election Notes

WHEREVER one went last week, people were still trying to figure out what circumstances, or combination of circumstances, sent the Republicans to the most crushing defeat since the early administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The bewilderment of President Eisenhower, which he ruefully revealed at his press conference on November 5, was widely shared, notably in business circles. Only two years ago, as the President said, he was re-elected by a huge nine-million majority, and now look at this!

Among the few exceptions to the overwhelming Democratic trend, Nelson Rockefeller's runaway win in New York shared interest with Sen. Barry Goldwater's re-election in normally Democratic Arizona. In a way Mr. Goldwater's victory was even harder to explain than Mr. Rockefeller's; for the Senator is an archconservative, and for the archconservatives Tuesday, November 4 was Waterloo, doomsday and Armageddon all rolled up into one. The Republicans who escaped with their political lives were mostly of the liberal persuasion—men like Mr. Rockefeller and Rep. Kenneth B. Keating in New York, Rep. Hugh Scott in Pennsylvania and Sen. J. Glenn Beall in Maryland.

In fact, the big meaning of the election is that the informal but effective coalition of Southern Democrats and Old Guard Republicans which has controlled every Congress since 1938 may have a hard time dominating this one. When the roll is called in the Senate next January, the following GOP stalwarts will be missing: William F. Knowland, William A. Purtell,

William E. Jenner, Frederick G. Payne, Charles E. Potter, John W. Bricker, Arthur V. Watkins, Chapman Revercomb, Frank A. Barrett and George Malone. On the other hand, Messrs. Scott and Keating and Rep. Winston L. Prouty of Vermont will be on hand to reinforce the little group of "modern" Republicans—Senators Javits, Beall, Case, Smith, Allott, Morton, Cooper and Kuchel.

On such issues as foreign aid, housing, labor and civil rights, will the Northern Democrats and the liberal Republicans form a new hard-to-beat coalition? The test will come early in the session when the inevitable move is made in the Senate to limit filibusters by revising the closure rule. Some Western Democrats normally vote with the South on this issue, but the "modern" Republicans have enough votes to counter these defections. If they use them, it will signal the existence of the most liberal Congress in a generation.

Some of the election post-mortems have emphasized the importance of the labor vote. Unless one looks under the surface a bit, it is easy to share the fears of the reactionary Committee for Constitutional Government, the NAM and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. In California, Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere, there was obviously a solid labor vote, as Senators Knowland and Bricker and Indiana's Gov. Harold W. Handley can attest. Yet in New York, where labor committed itself unreservedly to Governor Harriman, Mr. Rockefeller won easily. The conclusion seems to be that on issues which touch the well-being of unions the rank and file will vote the way their leaders recommend; but that on all other issues they will vote as independently and unpredictably as anybody else. In other words, the election again demonstrated that workers have other loyalties besides their attachment to their union.

HARRY HAMILTON

On All Horizons

EASTERN RITE. There are over a million Catholics in this country who follow the Oriental (non-Latin) rite. A new pamphlet, *Byzantine Rite Catholics*, by Rev. Basil Shereghy, of Minneapolis, elucidates the significance of this flourishing branch of the Church (Queen's Work, 3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo. Ten cents; discount for quantity orders).

► **EL CRISTO DE LA HABANA.** A heroic statue of Christ, 585 feet high, is nearing completion on a spot overlooking the harbor of Havana. Carved out of marble by Jilma Madera, it is scheduled for unveiling before Christmas.

► **CALL FOR BOOKS.** To cope with a rising interest in Catholic matters, an

information center in Sweden is in need of serious religious literature in the English language. Gift books, new or used, should be addressed to the Superior, Dominikanerna, Linnégatan 79, Stockholm O, Sweden.

► **MORE GREEK.** At Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., 249 students last year studied Greek literature in the original. This is probably unsurpassed in any American college or university, according to Rev. Joseph M.-F. Marique, S.J., director of the Greek Honors Course.

► **TITO FOE.** On Oct. 29, in New York City, died Rev. Aloysius Kuhar, 63. Pre-war editor of the daily Catholic newspaper *Slovenec*, in Ljubljana (Slo-

venia), Yugoslavia, he was a specialist on East European affairs for the Free Europe Committee. In exile, he was a vigorous and effective critic of the anti-religious policy of the Tito regime.

► **CHRISTMAS FEATURE.** The 16 mm. Nativity film, *True Peace*, originally produced in English, is now also available in Spanish and French. For further information, address Damascene Pictures, 1601 Hobart St., N.W., Wash., 9, D. C.

► **THANKSGIVING.** For the tenth successive year, the Brazilian hierarchy, under the leadership of Cardinal da Silva, Primate of Brazil, has urged that there be a world-wide celebration of Thanksgiving Day on Nov. 27, with a solemn Te Deum in all churches. The movement's publication, *Deo Gratias*, may be had from Caixa postal 1212, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. R. A. G.

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

12

LAS	Liberal Arts and Sciences	M	Medicine
AE	Adult Education	Mu	Music
C	Commerce	N	Nursing
D	Dentistry	P	Pharmacy
Ed	Education	S	Social Work
E	Engineering	Sc	Science
FS	Foreign Service	Sy	Seismology Station
G	Graduate School	Sp	Speech
IR	Industrial Relations	Officers Training Corps	
J	Journalism	AROTC	Army
L	Law	NROTC	Navy
		AFOTC	Air Force

Editorials

Putting Christ in Christmas

IRONICALLY, the celebration of the Season of Good Will in our public schools, marked as it has been by injunctions and lawsuits, bitter court trials and a curdling of interfaith relations, is well on the way to becoming one of the serious disruptors of community harmony. The controversies last year and this year over Nativity pageants and displays in public school districts of California, Illinois, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York have made the crèche a symbol of strife in many communities.

It is with sorrow, chagrin—and sometimes anger—that Christians view the steady obliteration of traditional religious symbols from the public schools. Their problem has been well put by Dean John C. Bennett of New York City's Union Theological Seminary. He asks: "How should Christians who are citizens in a religiously pluralistic nation express their faith that both nation and state stand under the providence, the judgment and the redeeming love of God?" We would like to know.

The expression of Christian faith through any kind of public activity is seriously compromised by the religious fragmentation of our society. But the frustration of our single common school system, in trying to provide education for children from families divided into some 250 religious groups, at no time becomes more painful than at Christmastide. Yet the overwhelming majority of Americans, no matter how tenuous their personal commitment to traditional Christianity, are firmly convinced that the public schools have the right to commemorate the great feast of Christendom—an articulate minority of non-Christians and secularists notwithstanding.

Here are some relevant observations on this issue:
► The diverse religious composition of our urban, suburban and rural communities makes it impossible to invoke a blanket procedural norm, valid in detail, for the entire country. What takes place in one school may

be completely out of order in another community.

► The wishes of a majority must always be balanced against the liberty and protection of the individual dissenting conscience; at the same time, an individual's right should not be allowed to neutralize reasonable majority action. Moreover, no one should be under compulsion to participate in activities that run counter to his own religious allegiance.

► To placate a few objectors the public school need not renounce all traditional symbols or observances; to do so would itself be to canonize a tenet of the secularist creed. Apart from its religious character, the birth of Christ has secular significance as the great era-divider of our history. This alone is important enough to justify its commemoration.

► The campaign to "Put Christ Back in Christmas" should never turn into an ugly display of group power. The introduction of Nativity pageants and symbols should not be undertaken without careful consideration of legitimate non-Christian objections. Mature people can arrive at fair solutions in most cases through persuasion and compromise.

► Non-Christians should move cautiously in fighting to eliminate Christmas symbolism. To bring in the majesty of the law to erase the angels from a kindergarten window or the word "Bethlehem" from a child's reader is an expensive victory in terms of community relations.

► In the efforts to safeguard the social symbols of Christianity, let us not neglect our own homes, wherein there can be no quarrel over religious symbols. Let it also be kept in mind that, while religious symbols bind the material order to the spiritual, they remain subordinate to the religious spirit. Christian resistance to the inroads of secularism should find its validation in one's self. Putting Christ in Christmas means essentially putting Him in our hearts.

"To Repel the Tyranny of Hunger . . ."

FROM Colombo, Ceylon, it is a long way to Seattle, Wash. Yet the cities were brought close together on November 9 as the Colombo Plan nations began their talks at "ministerial level" in the West-Coast metropolis. The meeting, the annual conference of the plan's Consultative Committee, was significant enough to induce President Eisenhower to address the gathering.

The Colombo Plan is a unique experiment in international economic cooperation. It began in January, 1950 as the Commonwealth nations and Great Britain met in Colombo to survey the economic needs of South and Southeast Asia. They then sought to "focus world

attention on development problems, and to provide a framework within which an international cooperative effort could be promoted to assist countries of the area to raise their living standards." The result was the Colombo Plan, whose accent, from the very beginning, lay on self-help. Soon the original sharp distinction between "donor" and "recipient" nations faded away as the poorer nations made what contributions they could toward the general economic betterment of the area.

Membership in the plan has expanded to include nations outside the Commonwealth. Since 1950 the United States, Japan, Burma, Cambodia, Indonesia, Laos, the

Philippines, Thailand, Nepal and South Vietnam have joined to raise to 18 the number of nations involved. More than \$4 billion have been invested by governments in loans, grants and other funds for development projects. Special emphasis has been given to the all-important field of technician training.

The program has had tangible results. In spite of a population increase of some 10 million people a year, national income in the region as a whole has continued to rise even more markedly. But no sufficient margin yet exists to allow for a relaxation of effort. As President Eisenhower reminded the delegates at Seattle, "even more remains to be done in our common struggle against human want and human suffering. . . ."

To meet this need, President Eisenhower laid before the delegates a comprehensive five-point program.

► He advocated expanded international trade. "I hope," said the President, "that all our countries will cooperate in assuring this expansion and in relaxing the restrictions which have hindered [the] flow [of trade]."

► He stressed the need for the development of greater technical skills in the "have-not" nations. "These skills are the bedrock of economic development. Unless they

are more widely shared in the free world, no amount of capital flow will bring about the desired growth."

► He emphasized the part that private investment must play in the economic development of Asia. "The resources of private capital are far larger than the amounts which our Government can provide."

► For the financing of projects which, of their nature, are not attractive to private investors, he cited the need for loans to less developed countries on normal banking terms.

► Calling attention to our own Development Loan Fund established last year by Congress, he suggested that other nations associate themselves with this fund in order to make of it an international operation.

If carried out, the President's program will mark a new trend in economic assistance for the United States. What he is actually proposing between the lines is a shift away from unilateral aid in favor of a more cohesive integration of the free world's resources "to repel the tyranny of hunger." The Colombo Plan, with its emphasis on economic development through mutual cooperation, should prove an ideal instrument with which to put Mr. Eisenhower's ideas to the test.

Mandatory Retirement Plans

WHEN a vigorous and healthy septuagenarian succeeded recently to the arduous post of Supreme Shepherd of the universal Catholic Church, many a man of 65, 70 and older must have had some sharply personal reactions. The sight of the hale and hearty Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli, standing on the great balcony of St. Peter's as the newly-named bearer of all the responsibilities that go with the custody of the Keys, doubtless caused a lot of retired teachers and executives to contrast their own lot with the Pope's.

People may joke about retirement in those years before they have to face it themselves. When the day of retirement comes, however, it is rarely a joking matter. Of course, in certain cases, when a man is in failing health, to retire is to open the door to rest and possible recuperation. But to persons who reach their middle sixties in full vigor, mandatory retirement resembles a fateful lock on a door that will never again swing open. For some men and women, retirement—even with a moderately big pension check and a handsome gift from the crowd at the office—is simply a melancholy prelude to death. True, there is often the prospect of a part-time job to while away idle hours, but such arrangements are far from satisfactory for a person whose mind and body are still on a full-time schedule. Frequently enough, "mandatory 65" or even "mandatory 70" is simply a consignment to the old rocking chair by the TV set.

There are some very valid reasons to support the practice of a mandatory retirement system, at least in certain areas of the labor force. The millions of young people clamoring for their first opportunity at the other end of the age bracket can furnish convincing arguments why jobs and desks have to be opened up by

some such device. Obviously, too, in many lines of work that require the quick reflexes of youth, retirement of the aging is a corollary of prudent regard for safety. But it is equally obvious that many important exceptions can and should be made in applying retirement regulations, particularly within the executive and intellectual fields. Makers of history like Churchill, de Gaulle, De Gasperi, Adenauer, Dulles, Pius XII—and now John XXIII—would all have been barred from serving their country or the Church if someone had imposed on them a regulation requiring retirement at 65 or even 70.

Consider the profession of teaching, for instance. Where, within seven or eight years, are we to find enough teachers in any age group to train the youngsters who will be avalanching into our schools? It is reliably estimated that the surging wave of children aged 5 to 13 who will be in elementary schools by 1965 are going to create a demand for 460,000 more teachers than we have now—and this over and above the 1.5 million that will be needed as replacements for those of our present teachers who by that time will have left the profession. Granted, not every woman of 68 or 70 is still in the mood or state of health to give herself to the trying work of conducting classes for children, but many a great teacher is debarred from several more fruitful years of work by a too-mechanical application of a "mandatory 68 or 70." The same holds true—in fact, it is even truer—for men teaching on the high school and college levels. Aren't we too efficient at times in applying our retirement policies; too heedless of personal differences; too eager to avoid bothersome exceptions to neat administrative rules of thumb; too anxious to slip out from under the burden of making distinctions in cases where distinctions ought to be made?

That American Way

Walter J. Ong

WITH THE CRISES on the international front today and the obvious fact that we Americans are not the most beloved people in the world, the importance of our attitude toward other nations should be brought home to us more forcefully than ever before. Is the lack of total success of our foreign policy connected with some deep-set attitude in the American psyche? What is wrong with the "American attitude" toward those of other lands?

One possible answer is, nothing at all. Other countries are inhabited by goldbrickers, who are very happy to take our money and, for compensation, to dislike us as having more than they. We are the most generous people in the world, doling out cash, credit and supplies to every other country out of the sheer goodness of our hearts without hope of any profit or reward. And what reward do we get? None. Absolutely none. It is not just. Who ever heard of anyone's being so good and unselfish as we are, looking for no reward, and then, to cap everything, getting no reward after all, not even that of being the most highly esteemed of all people on earth—a reward which would be little enough, to tell the truth, since we so richly deserve it? No wonder our blood curdles with indignation.

We have all encountered this type of reaction in others, and probably also in our own hearts. Its presence among us more than hints that there may be something wrong with our attitude toward peoples of other countries. And what is wrong with our attitude seems to be in great part a consequence of our country's history. Our own great American achievement has somehow become a positive psychological handicap. The United States has been a vast and successfully working machine for converting into ourselves persons from every nation of the world. We have met the entire human race (provided they came to the United States) and have found ourselves able to deal with them successfully. We can make anyone over into ourselves. Unfortunately, the conversion process has so far proved a one-way operation. We cannot make ourselves over, even imaginatively, into other people. As a nation and, for the most part, as individuals we have never been

trained to deal with persons of other nations and cultures on their own terms.

The situation would not be so bad if we had assimilated only one or two nationalities. But our assimilation of everybody gives us illusions of grandeur. Knowing that we and all the rest of the human race can be "adjusted" to one another, we forget that the adjustment is successful, as far as we are concerned, only if all the other persons are subject to adjustment. We assume that we ourselves are born automatically "adjusted" to everybody everywhere.

THEY TALK OUR LANGUAGE

I recall a conversation a few years ago with an American businessman who stated with glowing self-satisfaction: "Whenever I do business with foreigners, I insist that they write me in English. It makes for better understanding all the way around." "Half-way around," I wanted to emend. I thought of German businessmen I had heard of who would hire Swahili-speaking clerks just to write the Bantus in their own language. But for my American friend, understanding was a one-way street; if the other fellow understood *your* language, that meant that *you* were adjusted to *him* and understood him thoroughly. There is a dangerous and insulting innocence in this state of mind. Curiously enough—or disastrously enough—my American businessman friend was a genuinely devoted Catholic layman, particularly interested in international relations within the Church.

To dislike foreigners as foreigners is of course a common human failing. All nations suffer from it. Other English-speaking peoples do not particularly like foreigners. The British do not. Their insular aversion to those not like themselves, perhaps matched or surpassed only by that of the Irish, was celebrated a few years ago with infectious humor by George Mikes, who, in the role of a displaced person in Great Britain, produced the well-known book *How to Be an Alien*. Nevertheless, though foreigners feel foreign in Great Britain as elsewhere, it is no great surprise to an Englishman that a foreigner does not speak English. To an American in the United States it is a little more of a shock.

Our attitude toward the language is quite different from that of the English. The Englishman feels that the language is his and is inclined to want to keep it for himself. The American feels that it is his but should not be kept to himself. On the contrary, it ought to be enforced on everybody whether everybody likes it or

Author of Frontiers in American Catholicism (Macmillan, 1957, \$2.50) FR. ONG, S.J., lived four years in Europe and has worked in the selection of candidates for various foreign scholarships. He asks that inquiries regarding scholarships be addressed directly to local college and university authorities.

not. Typically, he does not even state this feeling of his. He takes it for granted. Imposed for generations on masses of non-English-speaking immigrants, American English is a reassuring badge of conformity which—unless he watches himself—the American simply assumes the rest of the world should be made to wear.

The conviction underlying this linguistic attitude is simple: it is that everyone else in the world wants to be an American. I have some European friends who can wax amusingly eloquent at this bumptious assumption, and others who are fiercely indignant when it obtrudes on them, as it all too frequently does, from American tourists and visitors. Again our own history has confused us. In our personal lives, or in our schoolbooks and other reading, we are familiar with non-Americans of all sorts who have come to America and want to be Americans. Our schoolbooks and folklore are full of the America-refuge-of-all-the-downtrodden-and-woebegone theme. We have inscribed this theme on the Statue of Liberty—"Give me your tired, your poor . . . wretched refuse . . ." Some present American descendants of the same "refuse" are now agitating to have the inscription changed, but most of us still relish its thought. Intoxicated with a heady appreciation of our own charity, we forget that the non-Americans—refuse or not—who did not come to America, very often did not come because, all things considered, they did not think America was worth it. When you are visiting a foreign country, you may as well face the fact that you are visiting the descendants of those who did not want to be Americans.

LOYAL NON-AMERICANS

This is truly a shattering thought for unthinking Americans. It is very difficult for an American to believe that anyone could not particularly care to be an American, and all but impossible for him to believe that anyone could coldbloodedly want not to be one. The inscription on the Statue of Liberty, and its many equivalents in all that we learn, consciously and subconsciously, at home and in school, keep our collective ego bright and shining by sheltering us from the thought of such repulsive possibilities. They condition us to the persuasion—which is something less than self-evident—that all men regard the United States as the most desirable country on earth. We are conditioned to this with such thoroughness and profundity that I am sure that by this point many readers are bristling with indignation and that some have already broken off diplomatic relations with me and are now writing to the editor.

Still, some roots stand more or less clearly exposed where even commonplace analysis can reach them. This conviction that all the world wants to be American is obviously a strong defense reaction to the guilt feelings of our ancestors, which our culture subtly, but inevitably, conveys to us. We are all descended from ancestors who, if they were not violently torn from their homes as slaves or as prisoners, political or otherwise, came here, most of them if not all, by leaving behind

persons to whom they were bound by affection and obligations of all sorts. Our highly commercialized folklore likes to dwell on more consoling things, making heroes of those who left but not of those who stayed. But the facts of our history which lie behind us tell a more complex story. Tearing away from family and other ties may well have been the most sensible move, but it is not accomplished without psychological hardship. The emigrant is haunted by the fact that he has abandoned others to their fate. For he has, after all, run away from home.

In such an event, to save face it was imperative that America eventually be thought of as the land of opportunity, whether it was originally so thought of or not. For the negative element in turning away from home had to be countered by building up all possible positive reasons for the abandonment. What was behind one had to be forgotten. It occasioned too much pain. One had to talk of opportunity in a new future. Much has been written about the consequent tendency of Americans to build their families around the children, who look into the future and do not know the past, even to the extent that after one generation they no longer speak the language of their fathers. Second-generation Americans become ashamed of the foreign ways of their parents—which is to say that, just as these parents felt guilty about leaving their own parents, so their own children feel guilty about them, in a different but related way. Now that the third generation is learning from sociological studies that their own parents, born in this country, felt ashamed of their parents for not having been born in this country, the third generation becomes ashamed of its parents for having felt ashamed of theirs. The American family itself, oriented through the children into the future, thus becomes an instrument for smothering the past in vague and confused, but terribly real, feelings of shame. Henry James' novels show that such feelings are not restricted to the descendants of recent immigrant groups but go back to the colonial beginnings of America.

Just how real this situation is was borne in on me a few months ago when a recent immigrant to the United States from Central Europe, who had just become an American citizen, wrote an article for a national magazine explaining his reasons for coming to the United States and his reactions to his new home. In the article he mentioned that people in the United States like to think of our country as the land of opportunity, but



that, try as he might, he could find no such thinking in his own decision to come here. His impulse was not at all framed in the idea of seeking "new opportunity." It was far more elemental. He simply wanted desperately to "get away."

Shortly after he had published this article, having the good fortune to meet him, I mentioned my fascination with this particular point in his account of himself. "Yes," he said pensively, "and I had much more in the article on the same point, but the editors suppressed it." Did they suppress it because they did not want to believe it? or because they did not think their readers wanted to hear it? or perhaps for both reasons and others, too? The Statue of Liberty approach is much more comforting—until you get to thinking about it too much. Strangely, then it makes you, of all things, ashamed of your ancestors again.

Are we so ashamed of immigrant ancestors, however remote, that we are repelled at the idea of further immigration into the United States? Since the recent Hungarian revolt against communism, the United States has had the lowest record of all major Western powers in the receiving of refugees. Both in terms of our total national income and in terms of our total population, we have taken in a far smaller proportion of these refugees than the war-torn countries of Germany, France and England.

Connected with our difficulties in adjusting to other persons is our extreme sensitivity to criticism of the United States by others. Again, such sensitivity to criticism of one's homeland is natural to all men. Citizens of other countries are hurt and angry when their country is the butt of criticism. But they are ordinarily not greatly surprised. The American is surprised, and his hurt and anger the greater for this. He cannot believe that there are people who would not like the United States. Otherwise, how could it be that everyone in the world wants to be an American?

AS OTHERS SEE US

I recall the Dutch priest who was a very good friend of mine and was visiting in this country. He had shared with an American priest who had lived in England the fun of *How to Be an Alien*. The American priest wanted to read anything else which George Mikes had written. With some misgivings, his Dutch friend was persuaded to lend him another book by the same man, *How to Scrape Skies: The United States Explored, Rediscovered and Explained*. The humor of this second book was lost in startled and hurt resentment on the part of the American. He could not understand how an author who poked fun at England so cleverly could so crudely and stupidly misrepresent American ways.

The American's understanding of other countries is complicated by the position of America in the technological civilization which is rapidly becoming the civilization of the entire human race. As man everywhere moves toward greater and greater technological developments, the United States is, for certain historical reasons, in the vanguard. (This judgment is made from the over-all viewpoint; in some details, of course,

the United States lags behind.) Seeing others moving toward the same goal as himself, but somewhat behind him, the American is likely to believe that they have their eyes on him and his achievements rather than on the goal. This is a human misinterpretation, comforting to the ego, but hardly one which endears the American to a European, who is, also quite humanly, annoyed by the fact that the American has, by quitting home, in some matters gotten ahead of the civilization which bore him and without which he would be an impossibility.

A related complication is the superior wealth of the United States, not all of which is the product of America herself, much coming from other countries in which Americans have played the complicated role of both benefactors and exploiters—and, being human, chiefly the latter. Americans console themselves commonly here by representing other peoples as venal, panting after American wealth. They will do anything for American money, the tourist and the taxpayer thinking of foreign loans both tell themselves. This argument is a two-edged sword. Turned over, it says that the only way Americans have of getting along with other persons is money.

The truth is often that Americans do attract the venal elements in other civilizations because we are venal ourselves, making up for our linguistic and other deficiencies by throwing our economic weight around. It is certain at least that we have become symbols of venality all over the face of the earth. Here are some excerpts from a recent language examination for advanced elementary education in the schools of the Netherlands: "Mr. Coppergold, a rich American, had visited several countries in western Europe. . . . And everywhere they spoke English to him, especially when he threw his dollars around." Dutch elementary school children can be expected to find translation of this passage in a foreign language not too hard. They know the elements which make up the rich American.

Monetary considerations are often operative in what has been styled the American's European neurosis. I recall the incident when a group of Americans on a tour in Italy were treated to a spectacle of a compatriot of theirs, a middle-aged woman, who without warning dramatically rose from her seat in the tourist bus and, for the benefit of all the passengers, asked the guide in a loud voice why he did not point out what was the truth, that all the rebuilding they saw in the war-torn countryside was due entirely to the kindness of Americans and to the money which "we" were sending, without any recompense, to Europe. Unfortunately, all the bus passengers were not Americans. There were a great many Italians—perhaps some whose sons' bodies were still lying under the rubble to which the American tourist so gallantly waved.

The problems of Americans in adjusting, or even in wanting to adjust, to ways of life other than their own not merely unnerve tourists but also affect our foreign policy in a myriad of ways. There are the American technical teams in foreign countries who, observers report, are, not all of them, but most of them, definitely

less loved by the people around them and less in contact with these people than the corresponding Soviet teams. There is our utterly miserable record in providing diplomatic staffs able to handle the language of the country to which they are sent.

When this serious state of linguistic affairs was reported recently to President Eisenhower, his answer was that money should be raised to train suitable men. The answer certainly caused many a smile in foreign lands. There are your Americans again: more money will cure all human ills. Of course, what is needed in human relations is not just money but a certain quality of understanding and love. Money will not create in Americans the desire to learn foreign languages, which is what we so desperately need. Generally speaking, the American abroad who wants to learn the language of the people among whom he lives is the American capable of understanding and adjustment. The attitude toward the language is likely to be the attitude toward the civilization. Perhaps for this reason, in my own experience, it is Americans from academic circles, teachers and students, who do best in adjusting themselves to foreign living.

The American's difficulty in accommodating himself to others is becoming a great matter for concern in the Church as American Catholics are called on more and more to bear their share of the burdens in manning the Church's supranational offices and to share her supranational concerns. The American clergy and religious suffer of course from the same psychological disabilities as other Americans, and the results are there for everyone to see. An old-time missionary complains that newly arrived Americans take for granted that the local people will do everything the way it is done in America—or at least they *must* want to do it that way. A religious superior in Europe writes to an American religious superior with obvious concern over the fact that in the international house of which he has charge, clergy from all over the world live happily under the local regime—except the Americans, who need all sorts of preferential treatment. What can he do? He begs that some adaptable Americans be sent to the house.

It is notorious that in the Church's curia at Rome, Americans are woefully underrepresented. It is hard to get them to Rome or, once there, to keep them. We shall send money instead, and pray to be excused in our persons. The reasons for begging to be excused are by no means all invalid. Even when they wish desperately to serve, Americans are often incapacitated to do so by the fact that they are Americans. Their psychological difficulties are real and give rise even to physical disabilities.

In the present crisis of adjusting ourselves to other men, what we need to do, first of all, is to think. For it is the unthinking "innocence" of Americans vis-à-vis the rest of the world, so profoundly caught in the novels of Henry James, which dogs us, to the detriment of ourselves and others, still. Our thoughtlessness is caught in phrases such as "un-American activity" (imagine "un-British activity," "un-Irish activity," "un-Venezuelan activity," and how campaigns dealing in such slogans

would impress us). It is caught in our assumptions that what we do is never chauvinistic or nationalistic, though what others do may well be. Thus, for British missionaries to teach cricket or Canadian missionaries to teach lacrosse would be chauvinistic, but for American missionaries to teach baseball is not spreading American culture but merely enabling the benighted natives to be human beings.

Our thoughtlessness is perhaps most profound in our attitude toward citizenship. For a citizen of any other country to become a citizen of the United States is admirable and a compliment to the country of his origin, which should be proud to have given birth to a potential American. For an American citizen to become a citizen of another country is quite a different thing. It is treasonable, an affront to the United States, and shows a dastardly streak which will bring no good to the adopted land. I have talked to persons who were led to suppose all through their schooling that T. S. Eliot was a treacherous and suspect character simply for having taken up residence and citizenship in England.

Such unthinking attitudes sound fantastic when they are actually formulated, but I think most of us Americans will recognize them as real, as being rooted in our hearts and not easy to eradicate, even when they have been brought to the light by explicit formulation and statement. All the picture is not black, of course. There are the bright spots of which we do not ordinarily need to be reminded and which I have consequently not shown here. There are hundreds of Americans in foreign parts who adjust thoroughly and gracefully and with love to those around them. These are the cultural ambassadors of whom we can well be proud, and the response to their behavior on the part of those of other countries is gratifying beyond expectation. For most persons do wish to like Americans. We are, after all, not more repulsive than other people in the world, provided we try not to be.

But we have to try, not only in ways we like, but in ways others like. We must work hard for acceptance by others if we want to be loved. We cannot assume that we are accepted, and scream when we are not, as the immature do. We must understand that while our psychological heritage breeds in us an overpowering desire for acceptance, to secure acceptance in foreign lands we need more than wishful w a r m - heartedness and candy bars for the children. We need imagination and human sympathy for those unlike us. And above all—a hard thing for us Americans—we have great need to understand ourselves.



State of the Question

CHRISTMAS IS MORE THAN SANTA CLAUS AND HOLLY

With the approach of Advent, of the Feast of St. Nicholas (Dec. 6) and of Christmas Day itself, the following article by Mrs. Elizabeth Browne, of Oak Lawn, Ill., mother of two children, will suggest ways for us to sanctify the season within the family circle.

LONG BEFORE my husband and I were married we had become increasingly aware of the difficulties of fulfilling a Christian vocation in the world. We agreed that as a family we would live in and by the traditions that come to us from the experience and growth of almost two thousand years. Our own Church, mother that she is, sets the pattern for us in the beautiful drama of the liturgy. This applies not only to such big feasts as Easter and Christmas, but to all the other feasts forgotten in our day, like Epiphany and Corpus Christi and "name days."

When our first child, Mary Kristin, was on her way, we realized that our aim could not be achieved unless we began at the start of her life to teach her who Christ and His parents are. Hardly had the tiny eyes begun to focus when we began to bring her before His crucifix to kiss Him good night. Family prayers beside the crib also brought us into daily contact with Christ. It was amazing how rapidly the tiny girl learned to pray with us the "Hail Mary" and "Angel of God" and all the blessings of God upon family and friends and even certain toys.

Once my husband Ed and I were startled to hear our little girl, who had been accustomed to listen when we sang or recited the "Salve Regina" or "Angelus," repeating them in baby lisps, but definitely in Latin. Late one evening as we were saying good night to a Dominican father at our car door, he picked up the pink Easter lamb we had given her in place of the usual bunny. "What's the lambie's name, honey?" he asked. She said, "Agnus Dei." Laughing, but deeply moved, he countered, "*Bene loqueris latine.*"

The hush and beauty of real winter had settled over the barrenness of our new community. Snow hid all the scars of construction and the dirt roads and deep ditches. It was a wonderland.

A new baby, Mary Elizabeth, had

come to add to our enjoyment of family life. Now two tiny girls, one not quite two and a half, the other barely a year old, watched with anxious eyes the as yet strange actions of their parents.

The Coming of Advent

On the last Saturday of the liturgical year, the day before the first Sunday of Advent, we decided to make an Advent wreath. With the two babies in the buggy we invaded the local dime store, hunting for four tall candles and a roll of shiny purple ribbon. We bought a bundle of fresh evergreen boughs also. The candles, each of which represents one week of the time until Christmas, were to be placed in the center of the wreath, four lights to be our guides measuring off the long, dark weeks until the birth of Christ on earth again.

My husband bent coat-hanger wire into a triple circle, upon which he wove evergreen until the wire was completely hidden. Then the five yards of purple ribbon, symbolic of the season of penance, was wrapped around the branches, making a fine purple and green combination. With the ribbon that was left we made a big fluffy bow and attached it to the front of the wreath. The candles were placed on a wooden square in which Ed had drilled four holes, and then they were pushed up through the branches.

It was finished, the loveliest one yet.

Where could we hang it safely? Ed measured the height of all appropriate rooms. He finally decided to put it on the table. The ceilings in the new homes are just not high enough. So there it sat in all its splendor, anticipating the next evening, the first Sunday of Advent.

Sunday night came and we gathered at the table. We brought the two high chairs close beside us. Solemnly we began our Advent ritual. In the name of the youngest daughter, I took a match and lighted the first candle and we sang the "Rorate Coeli":

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above,

Let the clouds rain forth the Just.
We let the candle burn during dinner. When we had finished eating, Mary Elizabeth tried hard to blow out her candle, as she called it. We sang hymns as we sat about the table, appropriate ones, such as "O come, O come, Emmanuel," until the children became restless. "Next week will be your candle to light," we told Mary Kristin, "and then comes Mommy's and, finally, just before the big day of Jesus' birth, Daddy will light his candle."

Another of our dime-store purchases had been a short, thick candle, bright red, our Christ Candle. My husband fashioned a wire Chi-Rho and fastened it in the wax. We placed the candle on the table near the wreath, and told our anxious little audience that this candle would burn brightly on the day when Christ would again be born into the world.

One more item remained to be prepared for the long wait till Christmas. Ed and I set about making a crib to hold the little doll which was to be our Baby Jesus this year and for the rest of our family life. The empty manger would speak volumes to the little girls and their active imaginations. A real Baby coming to our house; and He will have a party, too, with a birthday cake, and candle to blow out, and presents. And perhaps, if they have been especially good, they might be allowed to hold Him and sing to Him.

Shortly after Advent had begun, Mary Kristin came and asked what present she could give the Baby Jesus on His birthday. She had asked no questions as to what she herself was going to get. The gift she chose to buy Him was a dime rattle.

The Meaning of Christmas

Friends and family seriously doubted our wisdom in divorcing the children from the customary worldly celebrations. Why had we set ourselves apart in this season by ignoring the picturesque fantasy of Santa Claus and his reindeer with the delightful fiction of chimney-climbing? One of the grandparents was alarmed at the sight of the empty crib and our explanation of Christmas. She feared that the children would find too great a difference between their preparations for Christ's birthday and their

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friends' scamperings about to make requests of all the different Santas.

The tremendous privilege of parents to teach and train their children is a sacred one. My husband and I discussed the situation together and determined that in the truth of the seasons of Christmas and Easter and the other times of ceremony throughout the year, there lay riches and joys for the children and for us—riches that were being destroyed, joys that were being overlooked. We wanted to make sure that truth, and not the sands of fantasy, was going to be the foundation of their training. So with great peace we set about fixing our children's minds firmly upon the center of their whole existence, Christ.

St. Nick Comes

On the feast of St. Nicholas, December 6, early in the morning before Ed left for work, we filled long stockings with candy and goodies and shiny apples and tied them on the knobs of the girls' doors, with a small present hidden in each toe. Then we went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. Shortly later the girls woke up and cautiously crept out of their rooms. "Mommy! Daddy! St. Nick's been here today!" In the kitchen peacefully enjoying their coffee were the instruments of the saintly old bishop, thrilling at the sounds of excitement raging in the hallway near by.

One difficulty however came from the many prematurely erected stable scenes containing the Infant. "Stop the car, Daddy, He's here, let's go see Him," often rang out on our rides. And we had to explain that no, not until all the candles were lighted and the Church announced His birth would He be truly here. Such premature celebrations later leave the world empty and lonely at the very time it should be in the midst of true celebration. When Christ is here in time and in fact, the stores take down their scenes because the money has already been made.

At last, Christmas Eve came and night approached. For the last time we sang together the "Rorate Coeli," and all four candles were lit. We shared this meal with my parents, a traditional Italian Christmas Eve meal. Afterwards we set the table with dishes of cookies and fruit and bottles of wine for the Holy Child to bless upon His visit. There was an air of suppressed excitement. It was only a few hours until the Midnight Mass

would herald the birth of the Saviour again. "Unto us a Son is born, unto us a Son is given, and His name shall be called Wonderful."

The tree had been decorated several nights before. The stable, with all but the central figures, lay in readiness to receive the weary travelers. The little girls stood a long time peering into the empty stable and admiring the decorations on the tree. Long strings of brightly colored Christmas cards hung on our kitchen wall and were called "Baby Jesus' Birthday Cards."

Now the little girls in their new nighties, to be especially pretty when they woke up to welcome the new-born Baby, were put to bed. We relaxed, exhausted, in the living room and waited for the baby sitter. With Handel's *Messiah* as background music, we read the three Christmas Masses to prepare for our participation in them at midnight.

We walked along the highway the two short blocks to church. Soon we were receiving the Christ Child in Holy Communion, and trying to tell Him the events that had been preparing us for His arrival.

Noel, Noel

The house was warm and gay when we got home. We seemed to forget that it was our own hands that had put together the many pieces of the stable scene with its empty manger and waiting beasts. We took up the baby doll we had bought to play the part of the Infant and placed it in the manger along with the figures of Mary and Joseph. When the children grow older, there will be a procession and their own hands will lay Him in the crib.

Morning came, and the little girls' voices joyfully announced, "Jesus is born, Mommy, Daddy!" The new-born King was carefully taken out of the

manger. They eyed Him with curiosity. "How did He get in there?" "Mommy, don't we have any bottles for Him to drink His milk? We better get some so He won't be hungry."

In some mysterious way Mary Kristin seemed to know that the Baby Jesus was in His church in a far better way than He was in our home. "Let's go see Him!" When the crowd had thinned a bit, we went up to the manger. The little voice rang through the church again, "I gotta hold Him, now He's here." My embarrassed husband looked furtively about the emptying church. There was an usher standing close to us. Ed and the usher looked at each other; the usher politely turned his head. Ed lifted the Baby Jesus out of the manger and gave the figure to Mary Kristin. With joy all over her face, she held Him, and kissed Him, and told Him something about a new train. We breathed easily only after the car pulled away from the church.

We saw the pastor out in front shaking hands with his parishioners. I wondered if he remembered the incident of the previous week, when he greeted our children outside the church door. "And what will Santa bring you little girls when he comes on Christmas?" To our surprise and confusion, Mary Kristin looked up and said, "Oh no, Fadder, *Baby Jesus* comes to our house on Christmas."

Somehow the words of *Genesis* came to us: "And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good." We had started our family life in tune with Christ, we had endeavored to live according to our faith and convictions; and this our small measure of success humbled us. We begged God to continue guiding and helping us. We prayed that even as Christ grew in age and grace before God and men, we also, with the help of two little girls, might so advance.
ELIZABETH BROWNE



Edith Nesbit: 1858-1958

Charles A. Brady

AUGUST 15 this year marked the first centenary of the birth of Edith Nesbit, one of the truly great writers for children. A single laconic sentence, in her *Phoenix and the Carpet*, might well provide a leitmotiv for 1958's observance of Children's Book Week. Speaking of something as immutably fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, Cyril, who is one of Miss Nesbit's many naturally-drawn children, resignedly utters this malapropism: "It's settled. It's Medium and Persian."

Now there, in a nutshell, is what is missing from children's imaginative provender today. Contemporary juveniles tend to be "Medium" only, even if one is willing to allow that the "Medium" in question is not mediocrity but a kind of silver mean. They are all too rarely "Persian"—"Persian" standing here in symbol, as it once did in fact, for the splendor of the pure imagination that one finds in the world's great hero-tales, in the *Jungle Books* and in *The Wind in the Willows*.

This must not be construed to mean that all's wrong with today's world of juvenile letters. Our generation's darlings—and all children are darlings, not just Barrie's celebrated dream-children—have almost everything they need in their up-to-the-minute nurseries: the vitamin-fortified bread of the good factual books; the biographies and histories; the neatly-packaged breakfast food of the impeccably edited "series" volumes that are now staple features on every publisher's list; the electric-train-model-aeroplane sort of expository writing that serves its legitimate purpose of introduction to vocational choice later on. Catholic nursery shelves are even stocked with superbly conceived religious books scaled to the child's emerging spiritual awareness.

But where is fantasy's gentle night-light? Where is the golden feather from the Phoenix' tail that is one of Miss Nesbit's better symbols for this essential magic? Sputnik is wonderful enough; but it is not Wonder. Central heating is comfortable; but it does not domesticate flame's fire-drake as the open fireplace, whence came the muse of story, once used to. It is the greater pity. For, in the end, flying horses continue to be more rapturously credible than flying saucers.

Now this is precisely why the famous books Miss Nesbit wrote between 1899 and 1913 continue to grow in importance—she wrote a few before and several after,

but these other volumes do not really count. For she strikes a beautiful balance between magic, which, in her best stories, usually happens in wintertime, and real-life adventures, which almost always come to pass during the long summer holidays. Her "likely" books, as one critic has called them, are as full of wonder as her "unlikely" ones are weighted with the ballast that prevents fantasy from flying out of sight.

Though it is more important to ask who is than who was Edith Nesbit, her outer life continues to present its own points of interest, more especially, perhaps, for students of social history who like to track down footnoted personages connected with yesteryear's Fabian Society. In life Edith Nesbit was the wife of that lesser Fabian and once noted convert to Catholicism, Hubert Bland; an aristocratic Edwardian beauty with Socialist convictions; the close friend of H. G. Wells and even closer familiar of Bernard Shaw; a happy mother and unhappy wife; a continuing minor passion on the part of such oddly assorted common readers as Noel Coward, Patricia Lynch and C. S. Lewis.

If one were to attempt any such invidious task as a comparative roster, over the past hundred years, of great juvenile writers in the English tradition, Lewis Carroll, Rudyard Kipling and Kenneth Grahame would, of course, stand to one side as nonpareils. That would leave, among the other major practitioners, only George MacDonald, E. Nesbit and C. S. Lewis; and of these three professionals (one calls them professionals because of the relatively greater bulk of their juvenile output) Miss Nesbit, though possibly a lesser genius, is at once the most professional and, measured by continuing popularity, the most successful.

Miss Nesbit was always quite modest about her own achievement and very ready to acknowledge debts of honor owed to her mighty predecessors, once even going so far as to call herself, in *The Story of the Amulet*, "the slave of the great names." The mightiest of these same predecessors, coupled with the choice she made from his plays for her *Children's Shakespeare*, casts a good deal of light on the masquelike dream-realism of her own work. In addition to *The Tempest*, the *Dream*, *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*, she included no fewer than three of the final "reconciliation" comedies. Like *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, if on a far slighter scale, *The Phoenix* and *The Amulet*, too, are tremulous with intimations of otherness, irradiating the delightful naturalism and cautionary quality of their pages' more everyday happenings.

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Miss Nesbit set most of her enchanting stories against the background of that enchanted city, London; and first published them in that most enchanted of all magazines, *The Strand*, which, only a few years before, had presented the early Sherlock Holmes to a lucky reading world. On a daylight level she is the laureate of holidays that seem to have no end and of childhood's remembered "indoor" weather as well as past mistress of the sort of robust comedy that knows how to tickle a child's highly developed funnybone. Her Cockney characters, met below-stairs and in the street, are blood brothers to Shaw's "undeserving" poor man, Alfred Doolittle. Her realism is true, warm-hearted, and presented in a style that is both elegant and colloquial.

Miss Nesbit, who followed her errant husband into Catholicism, seems to have drifted out of it again some years after his death and her consequent remarriage. But she never ceased to treasure her connection with Thomas More through her house at Well Hall, Eltham, which had once been the home of Margaret Roper; and her jollily large fictional families (very much along the lines of More's own gay household) will strike a responsive chord in young Catholic readers.

On a more moonlit plane Miss Nesbit knows how to "pretend beautifully," and to satisfy in fancy those primordial desires that find their fountainhead in the lost Garden and will rediscover their final fulfilment in the risen body. All this goes on within the context of a healthy Spartan regimen of school and home and daily duty relieved by a modest amount of pocket-

money, by birthday and Christmas presents and wind-falls in the shape of unexpected treats. It is a bracing context, which alas, the luxury-sated children of today have never known. For, thanks to the unwisdom of their betters, their predicament is quite the reverse of Anthea's stimulating plight in *The Amulet*: "Yes, I know," said Anthea in a hurry. . . . "I mean we can't go to things that cost a lot, but we must do *something*."

Nowadays children can go, without stint, to "things that cost a lot"; and there is never anything to do.

Where past and present are concerned, Miss Nesbit has an incomparable touch. As for the future, she is betrayed by a Wellsian utopianism that made her assume the world to come would be something designed by William Morris, as it were, lovelier, brighter, with no one worried. We, who happen to live in the present Age of Anxiety which was her future, know better than that, which is why we like to travel back to her bonnier present, now our past, by amulet and phoenix wing, there to enter the Kingdom of Childhood, which is the antechamber to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Luckily for us McGraw-Hill has had the foresight to keep the best of E. Nesbit in print. There are other good things on this year's juvenile lists, too. Only one must look over them with due care. As Dora, the eldest of the Bastables, so sapiently puts it: "People who dig for treasure always find it." Where good literature for children is in question, one finds this treasure in libraries and book stores, not in drugstores, however glistening, nor in supermarkets, however glossy.

AMERICA *Balances Books for the Children*

Brand New Books for the Very Young

If you are a very young bookworm in this modern world of ours, you can at least see clearly what you are getting, even if you need someone to decipher the text beneath the pictures. *Animals 'Round the Mulberry Bush* (Garden City. \$1) is a grand book to start with, for one can chant the (adapted) old nursery rhyme while examining the huge double-spread pictures by illustrator-editor Tony Palazzo.

Freddy lives in the country where there are many, many things to watch. The teasing question is: Who lives in the deep hole in the garden? Big pictures and well-placed sentences by author-illustrator Grace Paull provide the answer in *Freddy the Curious Cat* (Doubleday. \$2.75).

The ways of the wind puzzle Jonathan. Why won't it play with him as it

does with the leaves and the smoke and the clothes on the line? Brother Joe fixes matters in *Jonathan Plays With the Wind*, by Kathryn Gallant, illustrated by Carl Ramirez (Coward-McCann. \$2).

There's something very cozy in the thought of a cat living in a house. But this particular one had to search a long time before the dream of his seafaring days came true in *Boats Finds a House*, by author-illustrator Mary Chalmers (Harper. \$1.50). Terry and Ted were best friends. They shared all their fun. And then Ted moved away and Terry had to find a way to tell him what was going on. *Terry Writes a Letter*, written and illustrated by Charlotte Steiner (Macmillan. \$2.50), shows how a non-literate young lady met her problem.

How would you greet a bear on the street? How would you accept an unex-

pected gift of an elephant? *What Do You Say, Dear?*, by Sesyle Joslin, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Scott. \$2.75), offers Emily Postian answers, with solid sense behind the deadpan humor.

This fall James Daugherty, author-illustrator of the classic *Andy and the Lion*, has an up-to-the-minute version of Aesop's fable of the lion and the mouse: *The Picnic* (Viking. \$2), which explains what happened after a well-bred mouse family encountered a lion in the wild woods. *Bascombe, the Fastest Hound Alive*, by George Goodman (Morrow. \$2.75), was in reality the laziest creature in the neighborhood until his master threatened to sell him. Then his rabbit friends came to the rescue. Bascombe's laconic "Yup" and "Nope" are grand, and Paul Galdone's illustrations are hilariously funny.

Harry was a town dog who led a happy enough existence until well-



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"Mrs. Betz has done it again, and so admirably in the story of the Jesuit Father Farmer, who more or less as a fugitive, open to arrest, ministered to the Catholic colonists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York in the days prior to the Revolution . . . The writing is felicitous, the story charming, and the introduction of background workaday customs and mores of the period inserted with a subtle unobtrusive hand."—*The Magnificat*. Ages 10-14. Illus. by Jo Polseno. \$3.00

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SHEED & WARD

New York 3

meaning Grandma knitted him an overcoat decorated with roses. Surely few readers will fail to sympathize with our hero in his efforts to lose his encumbrance, as described in *No Roses for Harry*, by Gene Zion, illustrated by Margaret B. Graham (Harper, \$2.50). Roger Duvoisin's goose character Petunia is by now a well-known personality. She seems to have learned little from her various unfortunate experiences. In *Petunia, Beware!* (Knopf, \$2.95) she seeks greener grass, disregarding the well-meant warnings of her friends, and is rescued just in the nick of time from four hungry enemies. The illustrations are not up to the top standard of this popular author-illustrator.

Psychiatrists would love *Contrary Woodrow*, by author-illustrator Sue Felt (Doubleday, \$2.50), but many readers will feel a sneaking sympathy for this family misfit, this kindergarten cut-up,



this social lone wolf. Poor Woodrow saw the error of his ways and actively reformed when he suddenly realized that he was being left out of class activities.

Yuki and Yuko were two Japanese children who caught a talented cricket-singer for the temple insect concert. Alas, the little creature was unhappy in his cage and they generously set him free. The children were in for a big surprise, however, when they went empty-handed to *The Insect Concert* (Little, Brown, \$2.50). The story and the delightful illustrations are by Sanae Kawaguchi.

Befana, the little old woman who brings Christmas gifts to Italian children, has at last got a little picture-book all her own. Henry Chafetz amplifies the tender story in *The Legend of Befana* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75). The illustrations are by Ronni Solbert. Milly is an American girl with an unusual Christmas problem. She lives on an island off the California coast and there is danger that high winds will keep the

supply-boat from bringing the gifts. *The Faraway Christmas*, by Edith T. Hurd, illustrated by Clement Hurd (Lothrop, \$2.50), has a refreshing plot-slant, but one could wish that there were some emphasis on the spiritual and religious elements of the sacred season.

How Do I Go? inquires the little boy, Mary Ann and Norman Hoberman describe the best and easiest ways of flying, crossing water, seeing city sights, getting to the top of a high building, etc., in a large and multicolored picture-book published by Little, Brown (\$2.50). Why and how a skyscraper rose is told in brief sentences and wonderfully organized draftsmanlike pictures in *The Skyscraper*, by Yen Liang (Lippincott, \$2.95). Author-illustrator Dahlov Ipcar shows us *The Wonderful Egg* (Doubleday, \$2.50) lying in its mossy nest. Would it develop into a brontosaurus, or a stegosaurus, or an ornithomimus? Or was something new and wonderful coming into this prehistoric world of dinosaurs?

Antonio Frasconi pioneered with his four-language *See and Say* a few years ago. Now he gives us *The House That Jack Built* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3) with the original English verses accompanied by French translations. His woodcuts are striking, but may overpower some children.

Boys and girls just beyond the picture-book age enjoy well-plotted stories about animals. *Pony for Three*, written and illustrated by C. W. Anderson (Macmillan, \$2), shows how Sally, Dougy and Gail all got their hearts' desire. *The Elegant Eleanor*, by Jean Poindexter Colby (Hastings House, \$2.75), was a rather lonesome cat who had troubles with the family dog Gerty—until the kittens came along and softened Gerty up.

One day Peter brought a newt to school. Miss Turner allowed the children to keep the little creature, and everyone had a wonderful time observing him. In the end, however, they had to make a big decision about *Little Red Newt*, by Louise D. Harris and Norman D. Harris, illustrated by Henry B. Kane (Little, Brown, \$2.75). *Nature Detective*, by Millicent Selsam, illustrated by Theresa Sherman (Scott, \$2.75), shows how a boy pieced together exciting stories about different kinds of animals by following up clues such as tracks, scratches, leftover food and nesting or burrowing habits.

Tinker was a dog without a master; Peter was a boy who longed for a dog; the twins had two goats they wanted to get rid of; and Tessa and Giulio were



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hoping they could get a nice pet which would pay its way. How everyone got together one eventful day is related in *Tinker Takes a Walk*, by Sally Scott, illustrated by Beth Krush (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.25). *Flivver, the Heroic Horse*, by Lee Kingman, illustrated by Erik Blegvad (Doubleday. \$2.50), was a big help to Mr. Timilty, for he could talk and give good advice. It was all because of Flivver's horse sense that his master got the wish of his heart and that the people of Snuggler's Cove got rid of their big headache.

Tan was a Cantonese boy whose hobby was tropical fish. One day, while up in the mountains, he discovered a rare breed of fish. All the fish fanciers in Canton climbed up to the pool without delay, and the results made Tan extremely distressed. *Tan's Fish*, by Ruthven Todd (Little, Brown. \$2.75), demonstrates the boy's resourcefulness. Theresa Sherman's delicate illustrations are worthy of special mention.

For Boys and Girls (9-11)

The Rachel Field Story Book, illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Doubleday. \$2.50), will bring back nostalgic memories to grownups. For here are three of Rachel Field's delightful tales bound together for youngsters of today. *Polly Patchwork* is embarrassed and uncomfortable in her odd dress until its storied patches help her win a spelling bee. Timothy succeeds in saving *Pocket-Handkerchief Park* from becoming engulfed by the great city, and Will and Rebecca work energetically in *The Yellow Shop* to earn money to repair the roof of Aunt Roxanna's house.

An orphan girl looking for a grandmother and a lonesome doll waiting for a mistress are brought together with a loving family in *The Story of Holly and Ivy*, a comfortable Christmas tale by Rumer Godden with pictures by Adrienne Adams (Viking. \$2.50). Over in Paris an old vagrant named Armand became a reluctant grandfather overnight when the three Calcut children and their mother joined him in his crude shelter. The little "starlings" penetrated to his heart and he actually went to work to earn them their Christmas wish. *The Family under the Bridge*, by Natalie S. Carlson, illustrated by Garth Williams (Harper. \$2.95), will make young readers happy and will probably make oldsters uncomfortable.

One evening David Topman and his friend Chuck received an SOS call from the director of a great observatory. Could they contact their odd little friend Mr. Tycho Bass, who had sent



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the boys on strange adventures in the past? Terrible danger would come to the world if Mr. Bass was not around to stop Prewytt Brumblydge from using his mysterious invention. *Mr. Bass's Planetoid*, by Eleanor Cameron, illustrated by Louis Darling (Little, Brown.



From *I Went to the Animal Fair*

\$3), tells how David and Chuck saved the world from disaster.

A few years ago we read about Eddie's adventures with his young Martian friend Marty in *The Space Ship under the Apple Tree*. Now Louis Slobodkin has a new yarn about the two pals in *The Space Ship Returns* (Macmillan. \$2.50). Marty takes Eddie on trips around the United States, trips which are more adventurous than Eddie wants them to be, because Marty has not quite learned how to handle his new ship.

Miss Cathy Leonard begins her summer vacation in an unhappy state of mind, for her dearest friend Naomi will leave town if her mother cannot find a house. Cathy not only goes house-hunting, but she runs the library (in her own home) and conducts a story-hour for the neighborhood children. This pleasing, homey story is by Catherine Woolley, illustrated by Theresa Sherman (Morrow. \$2.75). Janie, an island girl of Maine, is not much older than Cathie but she is a poor child who has learned to work hard and to make do with small pleasures. It is a joy when a new girl comes to the island, but Janie is soon disillusioned, for Myra has little imagination, seems to care little for the games Janie has invented, and manages to earn the praises of the grownups for her housewifely prowess. *A Lesson for Janie*, by Dorothy Simpson (Lippincott. \$2.95), has a message too for other girls.

Personality clashes motivate *Rock Hounds*, by Evelyn S. Lampman (Doubleday. \$2.95). Ed can't stand his dainty cousin Priscilla, and Priscilla wants no part of this crude boy with his incomprehensible interest in rocks

and minerals. Both are appalled to hear that because of a family emergency they will have to spend two weeks together at a geology camp. Here is a story with good characterization, plenty of action and an unhackneyed theme.

Jimmy Beale was in Lourdes somewhat against his will, for he had yearned to go to camp. However, he got the cowboy outfit he had also been longing for, and the suit provided the introduction to Henri Bouton, a French boy who was in Lourdes praying for the cure of his hemophilia. *Small Miracle at Lourdes*, by Marie McSwigan (Dutton. \$2.50), is disappointingly sentimental, but boys and girls will lap it up.

I Went to the Animal Fair is a delightful collection of poems about creatures, many of them written by famous poets. Some of the verses are nonsense, a few are serious, most are gay. This flat picture-book anthology was compiled by William Cole. The numerous black and white drawings are by Colette Rosselli (World. \$2.75). *The Peaceable Kingdom* is Elizabeth Coatsworth at her delicate, imaginative best. Three hauntingly lovely verse-stories tell how the animals journeyed to the ark, relate a legend about the flight into Egypt, and describe what a little girl may find in the peaceable Kingdom when the lion

lies down with the lamb. This flat book is published by Pantheon (\$2.75) and has many single and double-spread illustrations in soft tints by Fritz Eichenberg. *The World of Christopher Robin*, by A. A. Milne (Dutton. \$3.95), is a large, thick volume containing the text of the neo-classics *When We Were Very Young* and *Now We Are Six*. The original line-drawings by E. H. Shepard are here, plus some new colored plates by the same artist. The added pictures are too gaudy, to my mind. However, this is a grand book of verses to find beneath the Christmas tree.

The Child Study Association of America has compiled a collection of fairy stories illustrated by William Pené duBois (Crowell. \$3.50). *Not Only Castles and Dragons*, but magicians, fairies and spirits can be met in this beautifully-put-together volume. The fairy tales are all the work of modern authors. Many are obviously original; some are retellings of old stories.

A really good edition of *The Arabian Nights* is an event. Amabel Williams Ellis has edited a collection of these tales—surely the most marvelous stories ever composed—with imagination and excellent taste. *The Arabian Nights* is published by Criterion (\$4.95), with illustrations in color and in black and



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A *Gallery of Mothers and Their Children* is a book to pore over. Each right-hand page is a full-page reproduction in black and white of a famous painting. On the left-hand pages author Marian King gives the background of the subjects, analyzes the composition and describes the coloring of the original painting, and tells something about the artist. *Dürer*, by Elizabeth Ripley, is a biography of this artist as seen through his work. Both books are published by Lippincott (\$3 each). *101 Gifts and Novelties Children Can Make*, by Becky Shapiro (Sterling, \$2.50), speaks for itself. The materials are very, very simple, and the instructions are conveyed clearly enough through small illustrations and brief instructions. Fred Reinfield is well qualified to write on *Chess for Children* (Sterling, \$2.50), for he has been a champion himself. His book is well organized and has numerous diagrams and illustrations.

Munro Leaf puts us in the right mood with *Science Can Be Fun* (Lippincott, \$2.75). This introduction for younger children looks like a picture-book, but

it conveys some important information with a light touch. *Machines*, by Jerome S. Meyer, illustrated by John Polgreen (World, \$2.50), is another excellent introductory book for ages 8-11. Some elementary machines and the principles underlying their operation are discussed in this thin, attractive volume. Brief, informative discussions of the different parts of our solar system are found in *The Nine Planets*, by Franklyn M. Branley, illustrated by Helmut K. Wimmer (Crowell, \$3). *Exploring the Planets*, by Roy A. Gallant (Garden City, \$2.95), is a much more ambitious book. Its oversize pages are beautifully illustrated in color by John Polgreen. Many of these pictures are double-spread. The author gives the history of man's search for information on the stars, and discusses in detail the make-up, orbit, etc. of each planet. Many boys and girls are interested in archeology. *Digging into Yesterday*, by Estelle Friedman, illustrated by Leonard E. Fisher (Putnam, \$2.95), will whet their appetite, for this introductory book discusses the adventures of the men who sought out the secrets hidden beneath the ruins of Mayan cities and Inca for-

tifications, and who dug into the earth to discover the civilizations of Knossos and Troy.

For the Teen-Age Girls

Shelley welcomes the chance to spend her junior year at a California high school, for things are becoming a little strained at home. In this new atmosphere she begins to study herself more objectively, matures considerably, and sees her former self mirrored in 13-year-old Katie, who does exactly the same foolish things Shelley did when she was Katie's age. *The Luckiest Girl*, by Beverly Cleary (Morrow, \$2.95), has some good sense beneath its froth. With the help of her brother, Carol embarks on a lobstering project during the summer, to earn money for music school. The young people suffer setbacks and discouragement, but things work out; best of all, Carol discovers the young man of her choice. *A Career for Carol*, by Maxine and John Drury (Longmans, Green, \$3), is a worthwhile young novel. In *The More the Merrier*, by Lenora M. Weber (Crowell, \$2.75), the exuberant Beanie plans to take summer boarders to earn money for a rumpus room. Her dream fails to come true, but she manages to give a lift to a girl with a problem and to set a foolish sports hero back on the right track.

Jane Duffy's ambition is to become assistant editor of the high school paper. She works hard to earn her place, but is dogged by the jealousy of the defeated Welling Spade. *Dateline Central High*, by Elizabeth Sherman (Coward-McCann, \$3), is rather starry-eyed in approach but contains some good pointers for would-be journalists. Celia Markuson was an older girl with an ambition to work on a large metropolitan newspaper. It was a bitter disappointment to find herself suddenly buried in a small New England community, far from the contacts she needed. In time, however, she became grateful for the chance to work for a local weekly.

Celia, Country Reporter, by Laura Vitray (Dodd, Mead, \$3), has a fresh angle, though the author has a tendency toward sentimentality. *Kalena*, by Esma R. Booth (Longmans, Green, \$3), is an unpretentious, but none the less highly provocative story dealing with the dreams, problems and dilemmas of a girl of changing Africa. Kalena gets the chance to attend a mission school and while there gains the courage to evaluate her life and to decide upon her future—a future with the man she loves rather than with the husband selected for her by tribal custom.

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The Presidential Election of 1880

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This monograph is an analysis of the presidential election of 1880. The writer has fine-combed all the available documentary evidence. The personal papers of James A. Garfield, Samuel J. Tilden, Thomas F. Bayard, Chester A. Arthur, as well as those of thirty-one other American politicians, have been carefully examined. The election was one of the closest and most exciting in all American history. Bribery, forgery, and religious bigotry formed the seamy side of an otherwise fair political contest. The loser, Hancock, was convinced that he had really been elected and then defrauded. The winner, Garfield, was promptly assassinated by a disappointed office seeker. The final chapter, which deals with Garfield's close victory and tragic death, is based in part on the assassin's own letters. The monograph joins the company of four distinguished studies of presidential elections: Gammon's study of the election of 1832, Fite's study of the election of 1860, Coleman's study of the election of 1868, and Haworth's study of the election of 1876. Like these men, the author has tried not to let Lord Acton's warning, "The impartial historian can have no friends," keep him from being objective.

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The Secret of the Samurai Sword, by Phyllis Whitney (Westminster. \$2.95), takes us to Japan with an American girl and her brother. The young people encounter a Japanese-American girl who has become completely embittered by the contrast between her circumscribed life with her Japanese relatives in Kyoto and the untrammelled existence she had previously led in the United States. There is action and drama in this fine story, and its solution is realistic rather than pat.

Some for Teen-Age Boys

Dean Meadows had hopes of earning money fishing with his uncle during the summer he had to go to Washington State. Unaccountably, however, Uncle Hans was reluctant to take his boat out, and Dean suffered many frustrations before he actually embarked on his *Valiant Venture*, by Marg Nelson (Ives Washburn. \$2.95). *David White: Crime Reporter*, by Milton Lewis (Dodd, Mead. \$3) is a down-to-earth career story which takes a young man through his initial experiences on a metropolitan newspaper. Andy Mason has forebodings when his father is appointed principal of the high school. Sure enough trouble boils up, and Andy has to set himself a stiff schedule to regain his place in class and to keep up his track work without access to the gym.

Because of his superior intelligence and his interest in science, a crippled youth is chosen to participate in a hush-hush space-flight plan. Through a combination of circumstances he actually participates in the first successful voyage to Venus. *Operation Springboard*, by John Ball (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3), is "might-be-true" stuff, with certain values.

One day two boys were climbing in the Olympic Mountains when they became innocently involved in a tremendous scientific project. The experiments they had intruded upon were so earthshaking in importance that the boys were asked to make a cruel decision. *Five Who Disappeared*, by Arthur D. Stapp (Sterling. \$2.95), is swift-paced and provocative.

Ned Bartley was another person who stumbled upon a secret—this secret was a space ship, and of course Ned was agog to take part in its first voyage. *Countdown*, by Rev. Kurt Becker, S.J. (Benziger. \$2.95), is that rarity, a science-fiction yarn with Catholic background. It must be emphasized, however, that the greater part of the book takes place right here on earth.

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AN ACTUAL LETTER



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Editor:

Last year through the thoughtful generosity of a friend we received a year's subscription to your thought-provoking, lucid periodical. He said at the time that "AMERICA is a challenge in a sense to the mature mind. Current events, education, the theatre, literature are all treated by some of the top-notch authorities."

Perhaps the best testimony of my enjoyment of this gift is to say that you will find my check enclosed to cover the ensuing year. I shall look forward to hearing from you each week!

Sincerely,

In prehistoric times in England a boy had to have the full use of his limbs to kill his wolf and earn the scarlet cloak that signified manhood. *Warrior Scarlet*, by Rosemary Sutcliff (Walck. \$3.25), is the dramatic and poignant story of a boy born with a crippled arm who fought his handicap valiantly and yet failed in his test. In 1381 England seethed with unrest. Many serfs left their manors and followed Wat Tyler to London. Adam was one of these. He was first exhilarated and then sickened by the Peasants' Revolt. Eventually he found a job in the city, and it was then that he improved acquaintance with young Kate and with her understanding master, Geoffrey Chaucer. *The Yellow Hat*, by Nancy Faulkner (Doubleday. \$2.95), is slow-paced, but superior readers will appreciate its excellent atmosphere.

Franz Halle was out of place in his Alpine community. He did not care for farming and he had no head for learning. The good pastor suggested that he accept a place as a lay worker in the St. Bernard Hospice, and so Franz and his great mastiff both found their niches in life. *Rescue Dog of the High Pass*, by Jim Kjelgaard (Dodd, Mead. \$3), is more mannered and artificial in

style than the average book by this prolific writer, but like all his stories, it is fast-paced.

Alan Carey came to America to look after his father's extensive estate on the New York frontier; he fought the French and Indians in wilderness skirmishes at Ticonderoga and at Quebec.



This is the bare bones of *Mohawk Valley*, by Ronald Welch (Criterion. \$3.50). But these bones are clothed with marvelous details concerning frontier manners, military techniques, wilderness lore. The writing is mature, and the characterization matches the style.

All that need be said about the Landmark book, *The American Revolution*, by Bruce Bliven (Random. \$1.95), is that it is a readable, clear presentation for ages 10-13. *The Story of the Second World War*, by Katharine Savage (Walck. \$4), is a well-planned, well-organized and skilfully integrated history, which covers practically every angle of that war, from the home fronts in England and America to the conflicts in the most remote parts of the world. Fascinating reading for ages 11-16.

This is a season of biography. In fact so many have been published this fall that it is difficult to decide which ones to name, much less to discuss them all. *Willa: The Story of Willa Cather's Growing Up*, by Ruth Franchere (Crowell. \$3), can stand by itself without commendation, but it is the sort of thing one wants to urge on girls 11-14, in case they should by any chance overlook this fine introduction to the author's novels. *That Dunbar Boy*, by Jean Gould (Dodd, Mead. \$3), is an inspiring story of a beloved Negro poet which will inspire teen-agers. *Pasteur and the Invisible Giants*, by Edward F. Dolan Jr. (Dodd, Mead. \$3), describes how this hard-working genius changed the outlook of biology and medicine. (For ages 11-14).

Catholic publishers are issuing so many biographies of saints and heroes nowadays that one feels impelled to utter a word of warning. Better to concentrate on a few good books than to flood the market with hastily prepared and poorly written material. Kennedy offers *Mère Marie of New France*, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt (\$2.50), and Bruce gives us *Courageous Catherine*, by Sister Raymond Marie (\$2), the story of the Irish founder of the Sisters of Mercy. Both these books fill a need for material on Religious. The newest in the Vision Book series are: *The Curé of Ars*, by Milton Lomask, *St. Benedict, Hero of the Hills*, by Mary F. Windeatt, and *St. Helena and the True Cross*, by Louis De Wohl. These are published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$1.95) and are sure to achieve popularity. *Priest on Horseback*, by Eva K. Betz (Sheed & Ward. \$3), is based on the adventures and encounters of Father Farmer, well-known priest of late colonial times.

Benziger is coming to the fore with much-needed material on heroes of the Church in America. *Friar among Savages*, by Brothers Kurt and Antoninus, is the story of the heroic Fr. Luis Cancer, who suffered martyrdom on the Florida shore. *Star of the Mohawks*, by Francis MacDonald, tells the story of saintly Kateri Tekakwitha. *Crusaders of*

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the Great River, by Rev. William Doty, traces the explorations of Marquette and Joliet. *Frontier Priest and Congressman*, by Brother Alois, is the almost incredible account of the heartbreaking struggles of Fr. Gabriel Richard, pioneer priest of Detroit. *Giant of the Western Trail*, by Rev. Michael McHugh, S.J., recounts the adventures of Jesuit Fr. Peter de Smet, one of the first men to sympathize with the exploited and displaced Indians and to act upon his convictions. Each of these Benziger titles sells for \$2. Joseph Dutton, co-worker with Father Damien, comes into his own at last in *Brother Dutton of Molokai*, an excellent story by Howard E. Crouch (Bruce, \$2).

Some time ago the Dutch writer-illustrator Piet Worm gave us the beautiful *Stories from the Old Testament*. Now Mr. Worm's American publishers, Sheed & Ward, have repeated their first triumph with *More Stories from the Old Testament*. (\$3), in the same format and

Ten of the Best

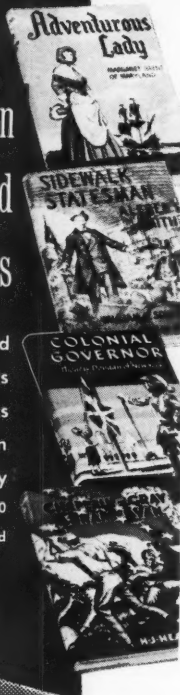
- Tan's Fish*, by Ruthven Todd. See p. 248.
The Rachel Field Story Book. Illustr. by Adrienne Adams. See p. 248.
I Went to the Animal Fair, ed. by William Cole. See p. 249.
The Arabian Nights, ed. by Anabel Williams-Ellis. See p. 249.
Digging into Yesterday, by Estelle Friedman. See p. 250.
Science Can Be Fun, by Munro Leaf. See p. 250.
Five Who Disappeared, by Arthur D. Stapp. See p. 251.
Secret of the Samurai Sword, by Phyllis A. Whitney. See p. 251.
More Stories from the Old Testament, by Piet Worm. See p. 253.
The Saints and Your Name, by Josef Quadflieg. See p. 253.

with the same type of illustrations as the first book. The text is brief, and fits in among the gorgeous pictures.

The *Apostles of the Lord*, by Catherine Beebe, illustrated by Robb Beebe (Bruce, \$2.50), is a simple and reverent series of sketches based closely on the Bible. *Mary*, by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P., illustrated by Raffaello Busoni, and *Joseph*, by Wilfrid Sheed, also illustrated by Raffaello Busoni, are the first in Sheed & Ward's new Patron Saint books. They are in flat picture-book format, but have a good amount of text. Ages 7-11 will love them.

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THE TEN BEST-SELLING BOOKS FOR NOVEMBER

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2. **LIFE OF CHRIST** By Fulton J. Sheen. McGraw-Hill, \$6.50
3. **THIS IS THE MASS** By Daniel-Rops, Fulton J. Sheen and Yusuf Karsh. Hawthorn Books, \$4.95
4. **SAINTS AND SNAPDRAGONS** By Lucile Hasley. Sheed & Ward, \$3.00
5. **YOU** By M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Bruce, \$4.50
6. **CROWN OF GLORY** By Hatch and Walshe. Hawthorn, \$4.95
7. **THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE** By Thomas Merton. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.00
8. **MORE THAN MANY SPARROWS** By Leo J. Trese. Fides, \$2.95
9. **LATE DAWN** By Elizabeth Vandon. Sheed & Ward, \$3.00
10. **THE JOYFUL BEGGAR** By Louis De Wohl. Lippincott, \$3.95

The stores listed below report their best-selling books during the current month. Popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which a book is mentioned and by its relative position in each report. The point system, plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

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 GRAND RAPIDS, McGough & Son Co., 40 Division Ave., S.
 HARRISBURG, The Catholic Shop, 222 Locust St.
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 KANSAS CITY, Mo., Catholic Community Bookshop, 301 East Armour Blvd.
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 MANCHESTER, N. H., Book Bazaar, 410 Chestnut St.
 MILWAUKEE, The Church Mart, 779 N. Water St.
 MINNEAPOLIS, Catholic Gift Shop, 37 South 8th St.
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NEW YORK, Ave Maria Shop, 11 Barclay St.
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 NEW YORK, Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., 14 Barclay St.
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Teachers and librarians, not to forget parents and the children themselves, will bless the name of Joseph Quadflieg, author of *The Saints and Your Name* (Pantheon, \$3). Readable and delightfully illustrated accounts of 73 saints are given. This is a book difficult to lay down, to use the well-worn phrase.

I cannot end this résumé of the season's huge output without a word for Nancy Larrick's *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading*, published in hardcovers by Doubleday for \$2.95 and in paper-bound edition by Pocket Books for \$.35. This is a book to dip into for pleasure, to consult for advice and encouragement—and consolation—and to use when bibliographies are needed on a wide variety of subjects in the children's field.

ETHNA SHEEHAN

FILMS

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (*United Artists*) is adapted from Joyce Cary's novel by leading man Alec Guinness in his first venture into the field of screen writing. It is a joyously wacky story about an impressionist painter with whom it is much more comfortable to become acquainted on the screen than it would be in real life.

Gulley Jimson, Cary's hero, is raffish, old, impecunious and unrecognized. But hard times have not diminished in the slightest the single-minded dedication of the creative artist. When Gulley faces a large blank wall, he has an irresistible impulse to paint. Furthermore, no consideration of friendship, the law, social conventions or financial insolvency is strong enough to withstand the onslaught of his creative drive.

The first irresistible wall encountered by the artist is in the living room of an art patron who has imprudently departed for the West Indies. A mural soon appears called "The Raising of Lazarus." It consists largely of exotically colored, oversize bare feet. The project ends disastrously in more ways than one but Gulley's despair is soon assuaged by the discovery of an enormous expanse of unadorned plaster in a bombed-out church. With the aid of a small army of apprentices, paying six shillings an hour for the privilege, the painter completes a heroically proportioned masterpiece called "The Last Judgment" (though it looks more like "Noah's Ark") just before the demolition squad writes finis to that bid for artistic immortality. Nevertheless, as unbowed at the picture's end as at its beginning, Gulley heads off in search of

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fresher fields, pausing only long enough to cast a wistful eye along the bare white side of a freighter riding temptingly at anchor in the Thames.

In Jimson, author Cary and scenarist-actor Guinness have created a comic figure of the first rank who, in addition, makes a good deal of sense in a mad way as a representative of artistic genius. The supporting characters are eccentric and strong-minded enough to be entertaining and not to be seriously inconvenienced by the artist's outrageous behavior. This is an exceedingly attractive Technicolor production. An apt and engaging musical score is borrowed (with due credit) from Prokofiev. [L of D: A-III] MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

GOLDILOCKS. Perhaps Walter Kerr, formerly a university drama instructor, might serve the theatre better by resuming his professorial chair and imparting from it, to budding script writers, the principles of writing humor without prurience. On second thought, it occurs to your observer that the substance of drama cannot be taught and it would be a waste of talent for Mr. Kerr to spend himself teaching the technique of playwriting. He may just as well stay where he is, contributing the melodious *Sing Out, Sweet Land!*, the diverting *Touch and Go!* and now the rowdy *Goldilocks* to the hilarity of the stage.

Mr. Kerr is a rather large man in the production presented at the Lunt-Fontanne by The Producers Theatre. The playbill states that Walter and Jean Kerr wrote the story and helped Joan Ford with writing the lyrics. Mr. Kerr—who else?—directed.

Music and dances were contributed by Leroy Anderson and Agnes De Mille. Credits for settings, lighting and costumes belong to Peter Larkin, Feder and Castillo. In each department except Miss De Mille's the craftsmanship is satisfactory or better. Miss De Mille's dances are delightful.

While *Goldilocks* is pleasing to the eye, and endowed with songs that touch the heart, it is essentially a laugh show. Snickers and guffaws are dispensed so prodigally that the Kerrs must know where to get them wholesale. The story follows a rather rocky love affair in which the principals are a motion picture producer and a temperamental actress. The story hardly matters; it frequently loses itself in absurd situa-

tions. For show shoppers looking for laughs, this is it.

On the acting side, Don Ameche, Elaine Stritch, Russel Nype and Pat Stanley handle the important roles. All of them look better each time they appear in a new production. In *Goldilocks* all are at their best.

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG. The story of the prostitute who remains virginal in soul has been told and retold so often that the play at the Broadhurst may be filed as version 1082-B. It differs from previous versions in the opulence of Jo Mielziner's settings and the refreshing beauty of the young Eurasian actress, France Nuyen.

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, presented at the Longacre under the joint sponsorship of Frederick Brisson and the Playwrights' Company, is at first glance a sophisticated comedy as sanitary as it is humorous. There is not an obviously dirty line in the dialog and not the shadow of a lewd situation in the story. Cornelia Otis Skinner and Samuel Taylor are the authors, and the delectably risible performance is rendered by Miss Skinner, Cyril Ritchard, Charlie Ruggles and Walter Abel in the important roles, supported by very efficient subordinate performers.

It would seem that a deftly written comedy performed with brilliance by expert *farceurs* is all that's needed for a rewarding evening of entertainment. Under a facade of facetiousness, however, there is an implicit apology for paganism. Not the austere and disciplined paganism of Athens or Corinth, but the spiritual sloth of a South Sea island beachcomber.

The kinetic character is a cultured cad, divorced for many years, who returns on the eve of his daughter's wedding. Calling himself a sybarite, he is in reality a self-centered heel who does not hesitate to entice his rather hare-brained daughter off on a jaunt to far-away places, preventing what appeared to be a wholesome marriage. He has an effective ally in the girl's grandfather, who has accumulated all the worthless sapience cynics save up for their old age. When he drools nonsense over his white moustache, the girl mistakes it for the wisdom of venerable years.

The hedonist slant of the story is probably due to Mr. Ritchard's frivolous direction, which keeps the protective mother and sensible stepfather on the defensive. Directed in a different key, with a stronger emphasis on accepted human values, the tragic undertone of the play would be more dis-

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cernible, with a suggestion of Chekhov, or even Strindberg.

Donald Oenslager's set is appropriate and Edith Head's costumes are according to Brooks Brothers and Bergdorf-Goodman. All production details, in fact, are handled with skill and precision. The only flaw—at least, the most conspicuous one—is the neutral tone of the script, which enables Mr. Ritchard to make a plaything of the inexperience of youth.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

THE WORD

Our prayer is, that you may be filled with that closer knowledge of God's will which brings all wisdom and all spiritual insight with it. May you live as befits his servants, waiting continually on his pleasure; may the closer knowledge of God bring you fruitfulness and growth in all good (Col. 1:9-10; Epistle for the last Sunday after Pentecost).

The final Mass-lesson of the ecclesiastical year is taken from the opening of St. Paul's letter to the Christian colony

at Colossae in central Asia Minor, that part of the world which has suddenly become familiar, and frightening, to everybody. The Apostle of the Nations begins by assuring the Colossians that he has been praying much for them. (Paul of Tarsus was a greathearted man. It is clear from his letters that he prayed a good deal for a good number of people.) The point or object of his prayer is that the converts of Colossae *may be filled with that closer knowledge of God's will which brings all wisdom and all spiritual insight with it.* In the following sentence Paul repeats his theme, *the closer knowledge of God.* We notice a particular insistence, therefore: *knowledge . . . wisdom . . . insight.*

It seems probable that the Apostle was uneasy about a certain fad or tendency that had crept into the Colossian church, a dangerous pseudomysticism which, in the course of time, has repeatedly given grave concern to the Church universal. This was the notion or claim of personal, direct superillumination in the area of religion. The problem involved is always a vexing one. No one is to say that the Holy Spirit may not communicate directly with an

individual soul; but the troublesome question is, "Has He?"

We may, however, confine our present attention to the broader implications of what Paul is saying in this Mass-lesson. The follower of Christ must cultivate not only a truly Christian character, but a genuinely Christian mind. His intelligence, as distinct from his volition, ought to be increasingly enriched with *that closer knowledge of God which brings all wisdom and all spiritual insight with it.*

It was a Greek idea that knowledge is itself virtue. The Christian revelation, enforced with even moderate personal experience, proves to us how nearly right the Greeks frequently were even when they were wrong. If a man is to act properly he must think properly, and if he is habitually to think properly he must have a mind (the instrument need not itself be razor-sharp) which is equipped and imbued with habitual notions, principles, convictions that are not only clear but clearly sound. This is the case for Catholic education.

Right and wrong thinking are pregnant of right and wrong doing. The fact is illustrated by a current alarm, itself paradoxically pregnant, which is being energetically propagandized. This is the fear that the world will soon be overpopulated, and that there will not be enough for everyone to eat. The propagandists are ready—indeed, they are suspiciously ready—with their answer: we must have universal and systematic contraception. One thinks immediately of Chesterton's parable of long ago. There are ten little boys, but there are only nine little hats for the heads of the ten little boys. The solution is easy: Behead one of the little boys.

It is already clear, of course, who will be the first "beneficiaries" (official for "victims") of the contraceptive scheme: naturally, the poor, the underprivileged. Since these possess so little in this life, we will set about taking away what they do have: their babies. It is obvious that the neglected of this world never do know what is best for them, but we, the entrenched do-gooders, inspired as never before by the horrid possibility that someday our children may be as hungry as many other children are right now, know exactly what is best for all the neglected masses, and, by Satan, we will neglect them no longer. We will fix them; we will fix them but good; we will fix them for once and for all.

Now look again at Paul's prayer: *May the closer knowledge of God bring you fruitfulness — fruitfulness! — and growth in all good.*

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